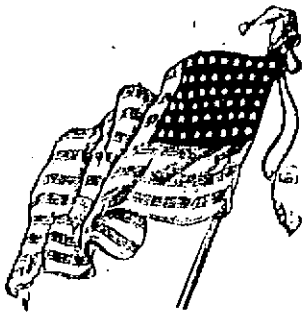


Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions. The paper is published weekly, except on Sundays and holidays, and contains a large amount of news, both local and foreign. It is published at the Mercury Building, 127 Thames Street, Newport, R. I. The price is five cents per copy, and in advance, one dollar per annum. Single copies are sold at the office and by the carriers. The paper is also sold by the subscription agents. The Mercury is published by the Mercury Publishing Co., of which John P. Sanborn and A. H. Sanborn are the owners and editors.

Local Matters.

Newport Boy Receives War Cross.

Mr. William Dudley Foulke Hughes, son of Rev. and Mrs. Stanley C. Hughes, of this city, has been awarded the French war cross for bravery under fire, while removing wounded men under the shells of the enemy. Mr. Hughes is a driver of an ambulance with the Princeton unit of the American Ambulance Corps, and has been in France since early in June. He is a graduate of St. George's School and had completed his Sophomore year at Princeton when he joined the Ambulance Corps.

The Musicians' Union held a formal opening of their new quarters on the third floor of the Weaver building on Broadway on Wednesday evening, the feature of the evening being a flag-raising. Mayor Durfee made a patriotic address, and was followed by Aldermen J. J. Kirby. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour, music being furnished by the Torpedo Station Band.

Block Island is to be without express service, for a time at least, as the Adams Express Company has notified the Public Utilities Commission that it will discontinue its service there forthwith. The company claims a deficit of \$500 as the result of its Block Island business. Unless a local express business is established, the community will have to depend upon freight service entirely.

The twenty-first birthday of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was observed by a birthday party at the home of Mrs. Edward A. Brown in Middletown on Saturday afternoon last. A large number of members were present, each bringing a basket lunch. A large birthday cake was cut by the Regent, Mrs. Seth DeBlois.

The Newport flag committee has adopted a design for a flag to be displayed from every home where a member is now in the Federal service. The design differs somewhat from that adopted for a similar purpose through the United States. As soon as sufficient funds are in hand, the committee will present the flags to each family entitled to display them.

Wednesday was Hallowe'en and the usual tricks were played by boys and girls. The pranks of the childish youngsters were amusing, but there were several complaints to the police because of the activities of those old enough to know better.

The one-way street regulations for Thames and Spring streets have gone into winter retirement to remain until next spring. Vehicles can now go in both directions on these streets at any hour of the day.

The Newport Gas Light Company has again been obliged to discontinue the sale of coke for the present.

The diphtheria situation seems to be well in hand, no new cases having developed for a number of days.

Representative Max Levy is recovering from an operation for appendicitis performed at the Newport Hospital.

Anniversary of Martin Luther.

A union service was held at the First Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of Protestantism, as begun by the posting by Martin Luther of his famous 95 theses on the door of the Wittenberg Cathedral. Fourteen local churches were represented in the union service, including all the denominations except the Episcopal and the Catholic. The church was completely filled.

The sermon was delivered by Rev. Lemuel B. Murlin, D.D., LL.D., president of Boston University, and the other clergymen participating in the services were Rev. Nathaniel J. Sprout, D.D., First Presbyterian; Rev. Aaron T. Peters, Union Congregational; Rev. Martin Luther Swanson, Swedish Evangelical; Rev. Franklin G. McKeever, D.D., Second Baptist; and Rev. C. Edwin Sheox, United Congregational. The quartet of the United Congregational Church rendered special music.

Food Pledge Week.

The campaign for the food pledge week seems to have been a success in Newport, many housekeepers having signed the agreement to conserve the supply of food available to feed the Allies, in accordance with the request of Commissioner Hoover. The school children have taken the leading part in the campaign this week, carrying home the pledge cards for their mothers to sign, previous to the issuance of the window cards indicating that the pledges have been made. A capable staff of lieutenants has had charge of the distribution of the window cards.

Middletown Thievery.

A number of the summer cottages along the East River in the town of Middletown have been broken into recently, but the thieves have gotten away with little plunder. In one case, the owner returned to his home in time to find all his furniture packed up ready to be moved out. It is needless to say that the invaders did not get away with the goods that time. Some months ago there was an epidemic of thieving in Middletown, but the police made some arrests that seemed to put an end to that at the time.

Things to Remember.

Three cent postage is now in order. Please bear in mind that all letters mailed to go outside of Newport or Aquidneck must have three cents in stamps on them. All postal cards or private mailing cards of the registration size either written or printed, either to be delivered in the city or outside must carry two cents in postage. Letters for Newport or Aquidneck can be mailed at this office for two cents.

Dr. William T. Bull, son of the late Henry Bull of this city, has been appointed civilian director of athletics for the Second Naval District, and will assume his new duties immediately. When at Yale, "Billy" Bull was a famous fullback on one of the noblest football teams that that college ever turned out, and his name was a household word all over the country.

With the increased demand for men to man the new ships of the navy, the facilities for training at the local station are liable to be taxed before spring. A large number of recruits are being received here daily for the six months' period of training. Since the outbreak of the war, the local station has sent about 20,000 men to duty in the fleet.

Another heavy gale and rainstorm visited Newport on Tuesday, less than a week after a previous storm of unusual intensity. No serious damage was done, but there was a tremendous sea running, and those who had to be out in the storm found it decidedly uncomfortable. There was considerable trouble with wires of all kinds.

The new storehouses for the Naval Reserve Force on the site of the old roundhouse on Washington street, are going up rapidly and will soon be ready for use. To hasten the work, the buildings are being constructed of sectional steel, which is seldom seen in this locality.

Jack Williams, the "Human Fly," is scheduled to climb up the outside of the Army & Navy Y.M.C.A. building on Saturday evening, at 7.30 o'clock. His stunts in other cities have drawn large crowds.

Mr. Frank G. Kimball has been spending a few days with his son, Mr. Reginald Kimball, who is a freshman at Brown University.

No date has yet been assigned for the departure of Newport's final increment for the National Army. The men have been ready to start for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Curry are enjoying an automobile trip through the Mountains.

Property for Pasteurizing Plant.

The Aquidneck Dairyman's Association will erect their own pasteurizing plant, and have already taken steps to secure a location and to arrange for a manager. At the meeting of the Association on Monday evening, it was voted to purchase the plant occupied by the Morgan Manufacturing Company on Tew's court, and a committee was appointed to secure the property and also to select a manager.

This committee consists of Michael M. Van Buren, Silas Wright, Edgar M. Phelps, John Nicholson, James H. Barker, Philip Caswell, and Henry C. Sherman. The committee will also draw up a constitution and by-laws to be submitted to the Association for approval.

Funeral of Simon Koschinsky.

Funeral services for the late Simon Koschinsky were held at Channing Memorial Church on Sunday afternoon, there being a large attendance. Rev. William Stafford Jones, minister of the church, officiated. The remains were escorted from the residence on Thimble street to the church, and from the church to the grave by a line headed by the Newport Military Band and consisting of St. John's Lodge of Masons, Washington Commandery, Newport Lodge of Elks, Excelsior Lodge of Odd Fellows, and other organizations. The bearers were Messrs. John T. Allan, Everett S. Genson, Allen C. Griffith, Robert A. Scoville, J. Roswell Chase, James S. Ramboe, Herbert W. Smith and Joseph Gibson.

Newport Has Good Bond Record.

The total sale of bonds for the Second Liberty Loan in Newport reached the very satisfactory figure of \$2,250,100, or nearly a half million dollars greater than its allotment of \$1,800,000, an excess of 25 per cent. The success of the loan locally was due to the untiring efforts of the local committee, headed by Hon. F. P. Garrettson, who worked early and late to spread the gospel of the bonds. The total subscriptions on Saturday, the last day of the sale, amounted to \$565,500. In the State as a whole the allotment was over-subscribed nearly one-half, the total subscriptions being \$11,680,400, as compared with its allotment of \$28,675,000.

The will of Mrs. Alice B. Shuman, widow of Captain George H. Shuman, was admitted to probate in the Probate Court on Monday. Thomas R. Congdon being the executor. There are numerous bequests of small amounts to relatives, children of William P. and Perry H. Dawley. Perry B. Dawley and William P. Dawley are each given a house and lot, the former on John street and the latter on Summer street, and Perry B. Dawley is made the residuary legatee.

The local board of health has invited the United States Public Health Service to detail an officer to act as sanitary adviser to the board during the continuation of the war. This request followed an offer from the department to render such a service for the city, on account of the large number of army and navy forces here. A number of local organizations had urged that this step be taken.

Judge Brown in the Superior Court has denied the petition for a new trial in the case of State vs. Wah Lee, recently convicted for murder in this city. An exception was taken to the decision by Judge Mortimer A. Sullivan, counsel for the petitioner, and the case will probably be carried to the Supreme Court. The defense claims that the defendant was temporarily insane when the crime was committed.

The Germans have lost six millions of men since the Kaiser began this war to work out his personal ambition. Never in the history of the world has there been such a sacrifice of men and money and all at the behest of one man. It is to be hoped in the cause of humanity that the time is not far distant when he will suffer the fate of Napoleon if not a worse one.

Rev. Mark Mohler, pastor of the Central Baptist Church at Jamestown, has withdrawn his application for enrollment in the Aviation Corps, and will continue his ministry at that church, at the same time engaging in secretarial work at Fort Getty branch of the Army & Navy Y.M.C.A.

Dear Reader:

It's dollars to doughnuts, that America will win the war for democracy. You can help by saving your dollars for a Liberty Bond and by saving your doughnuts and other little peace-time luxuries that fighting Europe may have more food.

The railroads of the country handled twenty per cent more freight in the summer months this year than last.

The annual meeting of Aquidneck Chapter No. 7, Order of the Eastern Star, will be held next Tuesday evening. Supper will be served at 6.30 o'clock.

Unity Club to Resume Sessions.

The result of a recent postal canvass of the members of the Unity Club, on the proposition to discontinue the sessions of the club for the present winter, was announced at a special meeting of that organization on Tuesday evening. The result showed that 42 members voted for discontinuance, and 43 dropped their membership, while 111 voted to continue, only a small portion of that number being willing to assist in the work. For this reason the executive committee recommended that the sessions be suspended for the present winter. Rev. Mr. Jones was opposed to total abandonment of the sessions, but suggested a modification. It was voted that a programme committee be formed to report at the meeting next Tuesday evening. Rev. Mr. Jones was made chairman of the committee, and named as his assistants Miss Ida Curry, Miss Lizette Vose, Miss Clara S. Allman, and Mr. William Stevens.

Dinner to Colored Soldiers.

Under the auspices of the Colonel Charles Young Club, an excellent dinner was tendered on Tuesday evening to the colored men from Newport who will go into the National Army with the next allotment from Newport. In addition to the 16 men to go from this city, there were two men from Portsmouth. The affair took place in Odd Fellows Hall on Caleb Earl street. Dr. M. Alonzo Van Horne acting as master of ceremonies. Addresses were made by Mayor Clark Durfee, Rev. W. B. Arnett, Lieutenant Frederick H. Townsend, Rev. W. J. Lucas, and Rev. A. T. Peters. The members of the board of aldermen were present as guests of the club.

Bad Mail Arrangements.

From now on throughout the winter and until next June the mail arrangements are to be admirable. The morning mail no longer comes by the Wickford boat but by special boat from Wickford, but is carried around by Providence or Boston, and if by accident it does not make connection it will occasionally get here in season to reach the post office at about eight o'clock. It then requires two hours to be distributed, so that the carriers may start out with it sometime before eleven a.m. If the people get their mail by noon they will be lucky.

Generous Contribution.

At the annual convocation of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templars of which Washington Commandery, No. 4, of this city is a part, held in Boston on Tuesday, it was voted unanimously to donate \$20,000 to the Red Cross Society for aid of our soldiers and sailors abroad. Seventeen of the subordinate Commanderies came up on the spot with their share of the above donation.

At a special meeting of the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening, it was voted to rescind from a vote passed at a former meeting, requiring the members of the Newport police force to adopt the winter overcoats worn by the New York police. Those who have purchased the new coats will be allowed to use them, or the other style may be worn by those who prefer.

November. Only one month of the present year remains. The days are getting decidedly short, especially in the afternoons, in fact they will shorten but 24 minutes more and then will begin to lengthen. The mornings will shorten nearly an hour, or to be exact 54 minutes.

A large delegation of Elks from Pawtucket came to Newport by automobile on Wednesday, and visited the army camps at Fort Adams and the barracks of the regular navy and the Reservists. In the evening they were entertained at a social session in the lodge room of the local Elks.

The Newport Gas Light Company has filed with the Public Utilities Commission of Rhode Island a new schedule of rates to go into effect on December 1st. There is no change in the gross price per thousand feet, but the cash discount will be reduced from 20 cents on a thousand to ten cents.

A fund is being raised among the members of the Newport Artillery Company for the purchase of Christmas gifts for the present or former members of the company who are now in the Federal service.

The weekly practice march of the apprentice seamen from the Training Station was held on Wednesday afternoon. Two regiments came out, under the command of Ensign W. A. James. As the weather was fine there was a large crowd on the street to see the parade.

A number of the late-staying summer residents have closed their Newport cottages within the last few days, but others will remain here until well into the winter.

Board of Aldermen.

At the weekly session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, notice was taken of the proposition of the Newport Gas Light Company to reduce the discount on their bills. Alderman Martin brought the matter to the attention of the board, stating that the company had promised better and cheaper gas some time ago, and stating that the public would probably object to an increase of rates. At his suggestion a committee was appointed, consisting of Aldermen Martin and Hanley, to work with the city solicitor to see if the increase in price could be blocked.

Secretary Willard L. Pike of the overseers of the poor presented a communication stating that coal is needed and that no action had been taken on the proposals presented some time ago. This brought up the whole matter of purchasing coal for city departments, and a committee, consisting of Aldermen Kirby, Hughes and Martin, was appointed to investigate the situation.

The purchase of new tires for the city ambulance was authorized, and much other routine business was transacted, including the granting of a number of licenses for motor vehicles. A report was presented on the claim for damages from P. H. Morgan and Alfred J. King, as the result of the runaway of a city team which crashed into the front of the King restaurant on Broadway some months ago, and the board voted to recommend to the representative council that the bill be paid.

A communication from George Penbody Smith, asking permission to remove certain trees from the sidewalk near his estate on Narragansett avenue, was referred to Alderman Ledy and Street Commissioner Sullivan, with power to act.

Two Sailors Drowned.

Two naval divers were drowned and a third had a narrow escape from a similar fate last Sunday morning when their barge was overturned on the way to New York. The men who lost their lives were Gunners' Mates Rudolph Zagehor and Charles Henry Blinn, and the man who was rescued was Gunner's Mate James Michaels. All were attached to the deep sea diving school at the Torpedo Station. The three men were in their barge, with full diving equipment and were being towed by a warship to New York where they were to do some work on a ship's bottom. During the gale the barge was capsize, and all three were thrown into the water. The warship was stopped and boats lowered to make a careful search for the men. Michaels was seen struggling in the water and was picked up, but no trace could be found of the other men.

Gunner's Mate Blinn leaves a widow, living in this city, to whom he had been married but a few months. He came from Saginaw, Mich.

Middletown Garage Burned.

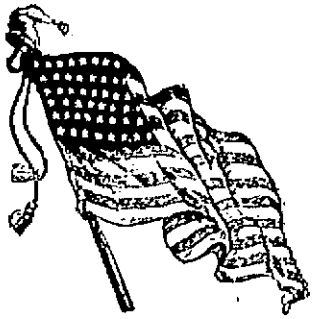
The garage on the estate of Mrs. Howard Spencer Graham at "Whetstone" in Middletown, was destroyed by fire last Sunday afternoon, but although other buildings were threatened they were saved by the efforts of those who responded to a call for help. The flames had made considerable headway when they were discovered, and an appeal was made to the St. George's School for assistance. The hose reel from the school was sent over, under Mr. Alan R. Wheeler, one of the masters, and several of the students. When the water tower seemed in danger, a call was sent to Newport and Deputy Chief Lawton went out with a chemical engine to render what assistance was possible.

In addition to being used for garage purposes, the building was also used as a storehouse, a large quantity of farm produce and garden tools being stored therein. All were lost, as was also an electric automobile. The cause of the fire is attributed to faulty electric wires.

A young man giving the name of Henry Lawrence and claiming Lewiston, Maine, as his home, is held by the Newport police on charges of larceny and carrying concealed weapons. He was arrested by Patrolman James Sullivan on lower Thames street Thursday evening, after complaint had been made to the police that two bicycles had been stolen from the alley near Jennings' store on Thames street. When searched a loaded revolver was found on his person. He claimed to have been in Newport for a week looking for work.

The tax law is now on on practically everything, and the public are beginning to feel the pressure. The increased postage rate went into effect on Friday morning, one-cent postage now being required for an ordinary letter.

Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Cornell have closed their summer home in Portsmouth and gone to New York to spend the winter at the Waldorf-Astoria.



MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

For the second time the Middletown Constabulary has been invited to attend Divine service, 51 of their members in uniform, under their Captain, Michael Van Buren, having been present. Synagogue evening at the special patriotic service held in their honor at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel by the new rector, Rev. Israel Harding Hughes. Their chaplain, Rev. George W. Manning, in uniform, accompanied Rev. Mr. Hughes in the choir procession and assisted in the service, conducting the Psalter and reading the evening lesson. Rev. Mr. Hughes preached a helpful sermon upon "Soldiers of the Cross, first." The chapel was filled to overflowing, a great many standing. Not only were the families of the Constabulary present from all parts of the town, but the congregation of the M. E. church, their usual evening service having been omitted.

It was decided at Monday evening's meeting of the Aquidneck Dairyman's Association to purchase the Morgan's garage property on Tew's Court, Newport, which the Association are planning to use as a pasteurizing plant. The purchase price was \$10,500. A temporary committee was chosen to close the deal and they were also empowered to prepare a constitution and by-laws which will be submitted to the Association at its next meeting.

The Middletown Women's Christian Temperance Union entertained on Wednesday an all day session, the Island District W.C.T.U. semi-annual convention at the Methodist Episcopal church. Mrs. Lillian G. Borden of Portsmouth, the president, was in charge. Mrs. A. Edward Kealey of Portsmouth conducted the devotional service, and Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell of Middletown Union and a former president gave the address of welcome. Rev. George W. Manning, the pastor, also extended a cordial greeting in behalf of his church. Mrs. James Gamache gave, for Mrs. Hammond of Jamestown, the response. A vocal duet by Mrs. Richard Macomber and Mrs. Wm. Sowle of Portsmouth was followed by the roll call and later by the treasurer's report from Mrs. Robert Wyatt of Tiverton, the secretary, Mrs. Joseph Church, 2d, having been absent and so no report from her office. Miss Margaret Holman and Mrs. Wm. Sowle of Portsmouth having been appointed pages, the annual election of officers resulted in the following: a unanimous re-election of Mrs. Borden as president; Mrs. Mary Macomber as vice president; Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell as secretary; and a re-election of Mrs. Robert Wyatt as treasurer. Mrs. Hall of Block Island was chosen a delegate to attend the National Convention to be held at Washington December 2-7 and an alternate will be selected later. The monthly Bible reading was by Miss Mary E. Olney of Providence, the State Secretary. Mrs. Eunice Greene, president of the Portsmouth Union, acted as pianist. Adjournment was called at 12.30 and an appetizing chowder dinner was served by the Ladies' Aid Society of the church. The afternoon session opened with song and Mrs. Greene conducted the devotional service. The speakers were Mrs. Laura A. Barker of Newport, State Superintendent of Work among Soldiers and Sailors; Miss E. Carol Hodge of Providence, State Superintendent of Scientific Temperance Instruction in the Public Schools, and an address by the State president, Mrs. George F. Rooke of Providence upon the subject, "The Liquor Traffic responsible for the social evil." Mrs. Roderick McLeod of Newport sang.

A supper by the Ladies' Aid, with Hallowe'en decorations, followed in the evening by a large number of Hallowe'en games by the Epworth League proved very enjoyable. Wednesday evening at the M. E. church, Miss Ivah Peckham was in charge of the program.

The annual meeting of the Women's Home Missionary Society was postponed on account of the storm Tuesday.

Aquidneck Grange voted to purchase a hundred dollar Liberty Bond at its meeting held at the Town Hall last week. It was also voted to send the equivalent in money (about \$5.50) to Lawrence Champlin, Robert Allan, Wm. C. Hubbell, and Roy W. Peckham of the soldiers' kits given Charles Feltham and Dr. F. deM. Bertram when they entered the service. The degree work was postponed until next Thursday evening, owing to the absence of the leading officers. The office of Master was supplied by Past Master Mrs. May Chase Spooner and that of Overseer by Past Master Joseph A. Peckham.

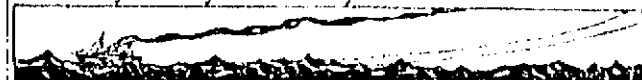
A large Packard car, operated as a hackney vehicle by Arthur Moran of this city, was badly wrecked near the old car barn in Portsmouth on Saturday afternoon, while conveying a party of sailors to Fall River. That none of the occupants were injured was remarkable as the car crashed through a stone wall and dashed into the porch of a house. The driver claims that he was struck by an automobile that overtook and passed him.

"CONTRABAND"

A Romance of the North Atlantic.

By RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY OF THE ROSE," "THE LOST LADY," ETC.



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I. Robert Hollis, one of the best of the Contraband's crew, is a party and Hollis is surprised to discover a woman who evidently wishes to remain unknown, aboard.

CHAPTER II. Hollis, the next night, succeeds in having an interview with the woman. She merely tells him her name is Vera.

CHAPTER III. Carrington tells his story of the coming war, and that he is engineering a copper job.

CHAPTER IV.

The Wreck of the Contraband.

We passed the greater part of the day below, and long before night came, a heavy, sweeping rain set in and kept us there. I never recalled a more blind, fog, disconcerting storm at this season of the year, and in those waters, although there was very little wind or sea accompanying it. The weather, however, made it safer to proceed at half-speed, and the lookouts forward were doubled.

It seemed a long evening, as I sat in no spirit for cards, and discussion was altogether about the war, and the projected copper job. Carrington received several messages in further proof that the affair was already well under way, but he made no other attempt to arouse my interest. By ten thirty I had retired to my stateroom. Yet even there, and when pretty disrobed, a temptation to explore the decks again assailed me. I unscrewed the port and glanced out, the cold rain driving hard against my face. Nothing could be seen; I stared into an impenetrable black wall. There was evidently nothing to do but remain where I was, and I closed the port and lay down in the berth.

I do not know what aroused me, but I sat up suddenly, while awake, a strange, ill-defined fear clutching at my heart. What was it I had heard a cry? A blow on the deck above? Had I really heard anything, or was it merely the echo of a dream? The stateroom was dark as Erebus, but I



I Was Flung Headlong Against the Partition.

put my foot over the edge of the berth, and switched on the electric light. Even as I stood thus, my hand still on the switch, someone ran swiftly across the deck directly overhead, and a voice yelled:

"Port, sir! Hard astern—fast!"

There was a startling crash forward, the awful sound of crashing iron and splintered timbers. I was flung back against the partition, barely saving myself by outstretched hands, but falling bruised and helpless to the deck. The electric lighted out instantly, but a dull gleam from without streamed through the glass of the port. It was a ghastly green light, and I recognized it at once as the port lantern of the ship which had rammed us. Before I could get to my feet, even still dazed and trembling from the shock, the ghastly green radiance began to recede. Rage took the place of fear—the dirty murderer was backing off! I was leaving us to sink! I cleared my way across the stateroom, seeking to gain view without, but could perceive little. The glass was dimmed with rain, and through it I could see merely the circle of green light revealing the outline of a high bow. No other gleam was visible, but above me a man crouched heavily, and then uttered out some order, which I could not distinguish.

All this was the work of an instant. What had occurred was as clear to my mind as though I had actually witnessed the scene from the deck above. A great steel steamer, a tramp, no doubt, from its darkened decks, had plunged out of the blackness and rammed her bow straight into us. The impact must have been well forward, near the bridge. We were going down by the head; already I could perceive the list, the deck underfoot was tilted, the compass had ceased to throw, as though the inflow of water had reached the bottom. Feet scrambled along the deck overhead, voices yelled, and I could hear the creaking of that timber.

Working desperately to the left, I managed to get a few feet of the stateroom partition. I looked down at what lay beneath it, and saw a head and shoulders of a woman, who was looking up at me with a pleading expression. I was about to speak, when a sudden crash, and the ship was

dooms stood wide open, but no living being was visible. All who knickered that first shock must have died to the deck in mad struggle to escape. Ay, and there was desperate need for me to join them. The Contraband was going down; already her forward hold was filled with water, the bulkheads alone keeping her afloat; once they gave way, she would sink like a stone.

I crossed the cabin on hands and knees, clawing my way desperately through the litter until I attained the stateroom. There no longer lay up, but forward. Beyond was utter blackness, silence; and through the shattered door drops of rain splashed.

It was not until I had made my way to the outer deck, and felt the night air and rain on my face, that I truly awoke to the danger. The tilt of the yacht forward was so sharp, I dare not release my grasp of the rail. I could scarcely see anything; not a light burned, not even a distant star glimmered; the delving rain blinded me, and soaked through my shirt to the skin.

I scately dared move, for to release my grip was to slide down into the black water, into the riddle of spurs and ropes forward. It was all horror and death that way, but from aft, under the awning, a sound of excited voices reached my ears, and the rasp of boat tackle. No doubt all on board, who lived, were there, seeking to escape. They had sprung for the open deck at the first alarm, not even waiting to dress, and, if I would join them, there was not an instant to lose. The after bulkhead could not hold long; any moment, any unusual roll of the sea, would rend it asunder, and the Contraband would sink. Life hung on seconds; nor would those frightened wretches wait to learn the fate of my others on board.

Clinging to every projection of the cabin, I attained the port rail, but even as I attempted the first step, a voice called to me from out the black depths below, and I hung there, staring behind me, unable to perceive a thing, excepting a litter of tangled wreckage.

"Don't leave me! Give me a hand," "Who are you?" "McCaun; you are Hollis, ain't you?" "Yes, are you hurt?" "Not bruised a bit, no doubt; my foot is caught under a spar." "Alone?" "The second mate fell with me; he's down below, dead, I guess." "It was no small job getting to him, using the slippery rail for a ladder, and I was knee deep in water when I finally found foothold in the rigging, and rolled the spar of the imprisoned man. He was lying flat on the deck, his head barely free of the waves, but was able to clutch the nearest stanchion and haul himself up to the projection of the rail. His face was but a blurred outline, although I could perceive the glimmer of a white shirt. I stared beyond him into the black abyss."

"You say Seelye is down there?" "I fell on top of him," the words came softly. "He was trying to get into the cabin, when he lost his grip. I tried to catch him, and he took for a swim. Say," he was breathing hard, "do you know if there was a girl on board?"

"Yes, there is. I met her right before last on deck. Did Seelye tell you where she was hidden?"

"It's a stateroom, next to the steward's pantry; he said the door was locked."

Desperate as our own situation was, all thought of personal danger left me in a sudden realization of the awful horror facing her, almost under our very feet. I gripped McCaun by the arm.

"We must get her out of there," I cried. "Come on—down there!"

"Where? Down—down there?"

"Yes, of course, you are a man. I take it. The lantern is still burning, and we have a chance. Come now, wake up, McCaun—we are Americans, and it is women first, you know."

If he was a coward he had no wish to let it be known, although the suddenness of disaster had broken his nerve. The words spoken, the tone of my voice, touched his pride, his real manhood.

"Ad, you're right, Hollis," he said heartily, and the grip of his hand tightened. "I'm no seaman; I hate the sea, but no one ever called a McCaun a quitter. I'll go as far as you, and we'll get that girl out, or down to

gether."

I was climbing the rail before he finished, reckless of all else except the task confronting us. The face of the girl whose hand I had held in mine under the light of the stars, seemed to lie before me, her eyes pleading for help. The vision tried me forward. I knew not what strength or skill enabled me to swing from the rail and get the cabin door, but I hung there with one hand, my feet feeling slight support on the slippery slope of the deck, and reaching back, gave McCaun support, while he also made desperate passage to the safety of the companion. An instant later I was beside him, and we crept together down the inverted stairs.

The fragility of our position became more evident as we advanced. The dead bodies, the shattered furniture, the lurid swinging of the tank beneath us, seemed to make me see the forward way as a floor crawling with the dead, made me feel that certain death must end the adventure. There was a low of the deck below, for that purpose it had been placed

foothold, enabling me to kneel.

"Here, McCaun, climb to my shoulder," I ordered, "and take down the lantern. Quick now; I'll hold you all right."

His face was ghastly, and he obeyed as though he moved in his sleep. Every muscle in me felt the strain, but I held him, straightening out my body, and balancing myself, until his uplifted hands gripped the light.

"Have you got it?"

"Yes; let me down slowly."

"All right; hang on to it for your life now."

My arms gave under the strain, and a sudden surge of the sudden wreck, but he held to an end of the overturned piano, the light still burning feebly, threatening every instant to flicker out. I caught and steadied it, turning up the wick, and casting the faint glimmer along the passage leading to the steward's pantry.

I slipped down, gripping the lantern, the dim, smoky glow of which made the passage visible. The pantry door stood open; indeed, I doubt if it had a door, but everything else was closed. McCaun was just above me, and I swung out to him to hold fast; then, the lantern was gripped in my teeth, I lowered myself the full length of my arms. This brought the water to my knees, while the lodged chairs were a foot or two below. As I hung there, dreading the plunge, my eyes were directed opposite the pantry, and the gleam of the lantern glimmered on the blade of a hatchet just inside the door. Never was a tool more welcome.

"Hold tight above there," I managed to ejaculate through closed lips.

"What are you going to do?"

"Swing in toward the door on the right—there is a hatchet lying there." With feet braced against the opposite wall, I forced my way across, making three efforts before my fingers finally gripped the hatchet handle. Clinging with one hand, I thrust the tool into my belt, fully prepared now to let go.

CHAPTER V.

The Rescue of Vera.

"Take this lantern, McCaun," I called, and held it up to him. "I'll need both my hands free. Hold it as low as possible. Now, here goes!"

I did not pray aloud, but a prayer was in my heart, as I released my grip on the ring and took the plunge. The first chair crumpled beneath my weight, but by good luck the second held just long enough to enable me to grip the latch of the door and cling tight. The slant of the deck gave me a coping foot precarious purchase on the threshold, although water swept nearly to my waist, and for a moment I tottered there, helpless to do more than merely sustain my position. The water made by this struggle must have been heard within, for I became aware of water splashing, and a list pounded the door.

"Help! Is that you, Mr. Seelye?"

"No," I answered, moved to new effort by the sound of her voice, and the knowledge that I had indeed located the right spot, and found her still alive. "This is Hollis. Is the door locked?"

"Yes, Mr. Seelye has the key; you must be quick—the water is already above my waist."

"No time for keys, then," I said. "Stand back until I cut a way in. Throw your light down, McCaun—ay, that's better!"

The latch of the door was forward; I could cling to it, and have my right hand free with which to wield the hatchet, keeping both feet wedged on the threshold. The light was the merest glimmer, yet sufficient to reveal the panning of the door, and I backed at this feverishly, exerting the full strength of my arm. A dozen blows splintered the upper panel, and then I sent the keen blade crashing downward, gouging out great chunks and splinters until a forced passage had been made, sufficiently large for the passage of a body. The water was deeper in the cabin than in the opening, drenching me nearly to the armpits. McCaun called in warning, his voice cracked with a terror he could no longer control.

"Wait! I'll be there in a minute!" I shouted back, my only fear lest he desert us. The bulkhead still held; this torrent was water which had found other entrances; no doubt it would eventually increase in volume and sink the vessel, yet there was still ample time for us to escape. There would be no sudden plunge while that bulkhead held.

"Are you all right, Miss Vera?" I asked anxiously. "Where are you? Can you see me?"

"Yes! I am clinging to the berth." Her voice was excited but clear. "The water is up to my shoulders. Is the opening sufficient?"

"For you, I think, if you can make it alone. I should have to knock out another panel to get through myself."

"There is no time for that, and no need. I'm coming now; watch out."

Our two bodies so obscured the faint glow of the lantern dangle from McCaun's hand above that I could see nothing, yet I managed to grapple her arm, and thus assist in dragging her into the jagged opening. The water, stirring to the sudden roll of the doomed yacht, and now dammed by her body, poured over us both in suffocating volume, but the struggle was only for a moment, and then I had the girl safely clasped in my arms, her head elevated well above the receding flood.

"Now, grasp the rug," I ordered, as I thrust her light form upward. "It will help you creep up the slope of the deck. Creep on back, McCaun, with the lantern; never mind me—I'll find a way out."

She possessed sufficient nerve and strength for the effort. There was no hesitation, no word of protest. Silent, inch by inch, she fought her way aft, her feet slipping on the wet planks, but her fingers gripped desperately at the sustaining cloth. I could see only the outline of her revealed against the gleam of the lantern, as McCaun clambered upward in advance. I could hear the grunting of the bulkhead to

the strain, and realized that the timber could not long hold against the immense weight. Suddenly the fear had come into my heart; not until then had I paused to think—effort had obscured all conception of danger; but waiting there to that black bell, the creaking of timbers in my ears, the water clutching my throat, the full horror of it overwhelmed me with sudden terror. My light! Surely we could not have accomplished all this, and still be denied the lantern! At least we must reach the open deck, and have a chance to fight for life under the stars.

Yet, once I had attached the lantern, all this left me, ghastly as the wreck of that lantern appeared, the wider space brought back to me the remembrance of the effort.



She Possessed Sufficient Nerve and Strength for the Effort.

An opportunity to climb. McCaun had dropped the lantern on the overturned piano, and was wringing the girl forward toward the stairs. Terror made him oblivious to everything except a mad desire to escape, but she was clinging back, as though in search for me. I clambered to my knees and the litter of furniture, and snatched up the light barely in time to keep it from smashing on the deck.

"I am all right," I called confidently, "climb outside both of you as quick as you can."

Never in all my life have I experienced the same sense of relief as when I stumbled out of that companion only the open deck, and felt the night air in my nostrils; yet not until then did my brain truly grasp the desperate nature of our situation. The gleam of the lantern revealed the sharp slope of the deck, and the surge of water pouring from rail to rail, scarce a dozen feet away; the ribs of tangled spars and ropes to port under which I knew lay dead bodies; the smashed bulkheads, and a wrecked small boat hanging stern down from a davit, with a man's arm and head dangling. All about us the night and sea was black as ink—not a glow anywhere except a single white gleam far away to starboard like a distant star. It was not a star—it was far too close to the horizon—beyond doubt it was a monstrous light on the steel monster which had run us down.

I held the lantern behind my body, and stared out through the void at the faraway spark—it was no more than a pin-point, barely visible across miles of open water, and crowding fainter each second. I read the whole meaning, despite clutching my heart. The vessel had waited and picked up the Contraband's boats; believing she then had on board all who lived, she had resumed her voyage. We were alone, deserted, in the midst of the dead, possibly without even a chance to save ourselves from police down with the sudden wreck.

But if there should be a chance there remained not an instant to lose. I flashed the light about into the face of McCaun and the girl, the man white and haggard, his eyes as dull as though he had taken an opiate, absolutely stupefied with fear. But the girl! In the gleam of the lantern her eyes met mine, full of questioning, but fearless. She must have seen, and understood also, for she called to me, clinging to the rail to keep her footing, her hoarse, hoarse flap flapping in the wind.

"They are leaving us, Mr. Hollis! Is not that the steamer out there?"

"Ay, the last glimpse we'll ever have of her," I answered bitterly, forgetting myself in anger. "The d— brute! Think more of a few dollars than our lives. But we'll make a fight just the same. Come, wake up, McCaun! After you—oh, yes, you can; crawl along the rail; once beyond the cabin there's good foothold. Now, my lady, I'll not let you fall—good! You are the better sailor of the two."

I held the lantern in my teeth, and clambered after them. It was a thirty-foot climb, but the rail stanchions made a fair ladder, giving good hand and foot hold, although occasionally the bulk beneath us rolled so heavily in the sea as to bring us to a pause, clinging grimly to the tarred rope in order to retain our balance. Twice I thought the doomed yacht was actually going down, as under the blow of some swell she leaned heavily to starboard, giving glimpse of the black water just below where we clung so desperately. Yet with sudden, sickening motion, like the last painful effort of a dying creature, she managed to right herself once more, every timber groaning in agony, the salt spume of the sea blown into our faces.

Once beyond the overreach on the cabin we found opportunity to stand erect, gripping the iron supports which had sustained the awning above the after deck. In the dim rays of the lantern the scene was one of utter wreck and desolation. There had been four boats hung in davits above the rails; two of them were gone; one hung trailing overboard, half submerged, with the bow still swinging to the tackle;

the fourth had been smashed into kindling. I staggered across to where I could look down at the dangling craft, holding my lantern out over the rail. It was broken midships and useless, but jammed under a thwart by a man's body; the gleam of light rested on the upturned face, and I recognized with horror the features of Fiedler. Sickened, covering my eyes with one arm, I clung to the shattered rail, completely unmoved. The value of the girl aroused me, brought me back to manhood.

"Mr. Hollis, the door is still here!"

I swept the lantern about, confused, and unable to locate the sound. McCaun was crouching against the cabin, but the woman, aided by the dog locker, had crept aft, and now loomed out over the stern rail and was pointing eagerly down into the black water. I worked my way cautiously forward to where she crouched, the lantern swung aside, its small ring of light giving me view of the whole upturned stern. The door, which had evidently been left trailing astern, was actually afloat, although half filled, and her ears, jammed securely under a thwart, were still in place.

The position of the vessel, the waterlogged condition of the smaller craft, told me at a glance the whole story. What was left of the crew of the Contraband, together with those guests who had lived to attain the deck, had made their escape in the two missing boats—they would hold twenty each, and were strong and seaworthy. No doubt the stranded one there had been lowered first, but the tackle jammed, and in the wreck Fiedler had been killed. The others had clambered about the two left, leaving him crushed behind.

The sight of the little craft, staunch and buoyant, bobbing about just below us in the glow of light, brought back my courage. Ay, there was a chance here; we could get free of the doomed yacht; we were not to perish like drowning bats, helplessly. To be sure, the boat was a small one, a mere dinghy intended for use in smooth water; why they had continued trailing it astern so far at sea was a mystery; yet it would bear the three of us unless a storm arose. There was no time to seek either blankets or provisions, nor was there any fresh water to be had—but at least we need not go down with the ship. We had still a hope of rescue, a fighting chance. God be thanked for that!

My hand closed over hers as she turned and looked at me. Never in any eyes have I seen such glimpse of steady courage.

"The boat is strong, staunch; she will carry us, Mr. Hollis!"

"Ay! this is better than I dared hope. But there is no time to lose; the yacht is settling fast—see those bubbles of air! Why, I can almost feel the drop of the planks beneath my feet. Here, McCaun, bear a hand! Pull yourself up by that dog locker; now get a grip here. Are you sailor enough to slide down that rope?"

He stared at the boat, bobbing up and down on the black water, with backwater eyes.

"It—it will sink," he half sobbed. "It—it is almost full of water."

"Silk nothing!" my disgust rising beyond control. "It will hold twice your weight. Down with you and ball. Then stand by to help the lady. Over you go, my lad, if I have to pitch you headlong; this is no time to argue the matter. Will you try it quietly?"

He stared up into my face, but his fear of me must have been greater than of the leaping water below, for the strands of the rope slipped through his fingers, and an instant later he clambered into the bow of the boat, and sank onto his knees in the water. To my relief the dog did not sink greatly beneath his weight, the water shipped proving scarcely ankle deep. It would support the three of us without balling. The yacht rolled to starboard, fairly burying her rail. I thought she would never rise again, and my arms clasped the girl to hold her steady. Then the bulk rose slowly, painfully, like a giant struggling for one last breath. No words can describe the dead, sudden feeling of the slaking bulk under us.

CHAPTER VI.

Adrift in the Boat.

To cling there longer, to delay another moment, would be suicide. I leaned far over and looked down at the dinghy now rising and falling on the swell caused by the plunge of the yacht. McCaun was upon his knees clinging to the gunwales, his face turned upward pleadingly toward the light.

"Catch this lantern, McCaun," I called down to him sharply. "I will swing it to you on the end of a rope. Easy, man! Now throw off the lashing, and make the girl secure on the thwart behind you; better tie it to the lock. Good; you'll make a sailor yet. Now listen: work your boat over until you can get a grip on the rudder chains, and hold her steady—yes, to your right; use one of the oars. Now hang on—I'm going to send the lady down; stand by to give her a hand."

He did as I bade him in a fashion, but was so awkward about it. I wondered the boat kept upright. Satisfied, I glanced aside at my silent companion. "Not a very easy gaffway, but the best we have. Are you afraid?" She smiled.

"Not in the least, Mr. Hollis; these skirts are a nuisance, but I can climb like a boy. Help me keep my balance on the rail."

She was over so quickly I can scarcely recall more than clasping her arm and she went down the rope head over land, as lightly as a sailor. By the time she reached the boat her body was half submerged in the water, but McCaun gave her his hand, and assisted in dragging her in over the side.

"I am all right, Mr. Hollis," she called in her clear, steady voice. "Now you come—come quick!"

"Just a second more," I answered. "Here is the key; hold it in. Get out your oars, McCaun, and pull. Don't wait for me to strike down when



She Went Down the Rope Head Over Land.

the yacht sinks. Never mind me; I'll jump from the rail, and swim out to you."

I clung onto the rail, gripping my iron plankton for support, and passed myself for the plunge. The boat, surrounded by its little circle of light, drifted away. McCaun awkwardly struggling with the heavy oars. The lantern rays fell full on the girl's upturned face, and once she held out her hands in pleading gesture. It could scarcely have been a minute I hesitated, yet suddenly beneath me came a sound of rending wood, a muffled explosion, and the deck heaved as though tossed asunder. I leaped straight outward, and went splashing down into the sea.

I must have sunk deeply, for I felt no swirl of the water, no suction, but when I came again to the surface, nothing was visible but the holding lantern on the dinghy. The Contraband had disappeared. A faint ray reached my ear, I answered it, holding out steadily toward the glowing light. Two minutes later, dipping and a bit exhausted, for I had been above a long while, I managed to clamber in over the stern. Even as I reached breathless on the thwart, I realized that the girl had crept aft, and her hands sought mine.

"Oh, I am so glad," she sobbed, at most hysterically. "I was afraid; I—I thought you went down with the yacht."

"No such luck. I jumped just as her decks blew up. Is there anything to sight?"

"I haven't looked; but there is no sound, no light anywhere. Do you suppose the steamer has really left us?"

"I have no doubt of it," I answered, but stood up so as to see about more clearly. "They supposed all who lived had been picked up, and then continued on their course."

My eyes ranged the horizon, but I found nothing. We were alone on the great ocean in the grasp of the black night. I sat down again dazed for the instant by the immensity of the waters, the utter loneliness, and the sudden realization of the littleness of this cockleshell in which we floated. Her voice aroused me to a comprehension that I alone was a sailor, and that some depended every chance for life.

"Do you know, Mr. Hollis, where we are?"

"Not exactly. I heard the captain state the position of the yacht yesterday noon, about one hundred and fifty miles east and south of Montauk; we have drifted some since."

"Are we in the steamer lanes?"

"Not of the north Atlantic lanes; they would pass farther eastward. I cannot imagine what that fellow who rammed us was doing up in here so far out of his course. Yes, that was a liner; I could see the lights of her ports. The only vessel passing along here will be coasters, or, by luck, possibly some tramp bound Boston way. Now let's see what is on board; try the locker forward, and Miss Vera, you might examine beneath the stern sheet. This boat has never been inboard since we sailed."

They went at the task as though glad of the opportunity, McCaun creeping forward on hands and knees.

"There's nothing here," he reported discouragingly, "but a roll of tarpaulin, some rope ends, and the splintered handle of a paddle."

"Well, what more do we want? That means a sail, if we can make a hole in one of the thwarts to step a mast. How much cloth is there?"

"Two or three yards."

"Pass it back here; good, solid stuff. Now, Miss Vera, what are your discoveries?"

She looked up quickly, her eyes sparkling in the dim gleam of the lantern.

"A bag of sea-biscuit, a small basket of water, linseed, but sweet, some strong cord, and a brassawl."

"Lord!" I exclaimed, "this is almost too good to be true. Why, we are fitted for a voyage. However, there is little use endeavoring to rig up a mast before daylight, when we know which direction to steer. McCaun, haven't been overboard, and no doubt your watch runs; what time is it?"

He fumbled about and found the timepiece, staring at it in amazement.

"Must have stopped, Hollis," he said. "No, by jove, the thing is running right; the hands point to 1:30."

"That's about the hour. The collision occurred before eight; half past eight Seelye would have been on the bridge. Instead of aft by the stern. Have you any idea who was with her?"

"I heard the captain's voice, and there under the awning, ordering the boats, and after I was caught in that wreckage Carrington came from below and climbed aboard the Contraband. I called to him, but he paid no heed; there was considerable confusion, and he might not have heard me."

Continued on page three.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, November 3, 1917



The Italian defeat by the German-Austrian army is a big disaster to the Allies. It is to be hoped that the cowardly Italians will rally once more and redeem themselves.

Why didn't they add the two cent stamp to bank checks? The question is often asked. The answer is plain. The average Congressman has occasion to use checks occasionally. Their letters they can send free. The aim of this tax bill is to put a tax on everything that the Congressman does not use.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra as long as Karl Muck, a German citizen and sympathizer, is at the head of it, will never again perform in Providence, and probably nowhere in Rhode Island. He refused a request to play "The Star Spangled Banner," and a storm of indignation arose that will follow the orchestra wherever it goes. The adherents of Providence unanimously passed resolutions condemning the action of the orchestra.

William Randolph Hearst of newspaper fame, has lost a case that has been fought in the New York courts for over ten years, for damages for persons killed in 1902 by a premature explosion of fireworks at a political celebration. The parties in interest sued the city and won, and then the city brought suit against Hearst, as the lender of the celebration. The cost to Hearst will be over \$100,000.

People in many parts of the country are using wool for fuel on account of the high price and scarcity of coal. It will do well to bear in mind that roughly speaking two pounds of seasoned hard wood are equal to one pound of coal. One cord of seasoned hard wood weighs about 4000 pounds, so it will take about one cord of wood to equal a ton of coal. From this the consumer can readily tell which is the cheaper. Soft woods are very much lighter and require from a cord and a half to two cords to equal a ton of coal.

Dun's Review, which has unusual facilities for finding out the business conditions throughout the country, makes very favorable reports from all parts of the country. To summarize it says: New England, "Recent improvement fully maintained and confidence strengthening." Middle Atlantic States, "Sensational Commodities in steady request. Industrial plants actively employed." South Atlantic States, "Favorable reports from all sections. Fall trade well up to anticipations." Central States, "Sensational commodities in steady demand. Manufacturers operating in despatch." Western States, "All centers report a well maintained demand for staple merchandise." It does as though good business would be dominant throughout the country this winter.

The Democratic leaders in Washington have a rich man more than his. The Atlantic City is said to have a certain kind of liquid, and when Champ Clark condemned the New York bankers and accused them of impeding the second Liberty Loan it was only in keeping with that party which in all its career has had for its slogan "down with the rich man." And it is not too far to see these condemned New York bankers neither of these Liberty Loans would have been the success they were; neither would have funds been forthcoming for many other needs this war has produced. But the administration depended upon its Southern friends it would have been easily backing it financially, support, as well as in honor for the army. The South, under this administration runs the government machine, but the North furnishes the funds and the men to do it with.

Can't Depend on German Disaffection.

The reported break between Count Czernin, the Austrian Premier, and Michaelis, the German Chancellor, is probably another bit of Teutonic camouflage. There is no doubt that the Austrians, both government and people, would like peace and that they would welcome a plain statement of terms from the Germans on this point. But this is a matter of detail, after all, and the Central Powers are not going to split apart just yet, or any such soon. Neither is Germany going to "break under the strain" immediately. The Hun, like John D. Rockefeller, still have at least one more fight in them, and the United States should not be misled by any reports in which the war is made father to the thought. The war may, and probably will, end as suddenly as it began; but no good purpose will be served by speculating every incident tending to show what has been known for a long time, namely, that the warring powers of Europe are sick of war. But they may be, but there is a certain national psychology which will keep them fighting and as we must be prepared to meet a war as they. For some time past, the German people have been suffering from a certain national psychology which will keep them fighting and as we must be prepared to meet a war as they. For some time past, the German people have been suffering from a certain national psychology which will keep them fighting and as we must be prepared to meet a war as they.

Why the Leaves Change Their Color.

It requires no vivid imagination to picture Mother Nature going about these days with a liberal supply of paint with which she colors the leaves of the trees and other plants and thereby produces the still tints which characterize the foliage of this season. In reality the change in coloring is the result of certain chemical processes which take place in the leaves.

The change is not, as many people suppose, due to the action of frost, but is a preparation for winter. All during the spring and summer the leaves have served as factories, where the foods necessary for the trees' growth have been manufactured. This food making takes place in innumerable tiny cells of the leaf and is carried on by small green bodies which give the leaf its color. These chlorophyll bodies, as they are known, make the food of the tree by combining carbon taken from the carbonic acid gas of the air with hydrogen, oxygen, and various minerals supplied by the water which the roots gather. In the fall when the cool weather causes a slowing down of the vital processes, the work of the leaves comes to an end. The machinery of the leaf factory is dismantled, so to speak, the chlorophyll is broken up into the various substances of which it is composed, and whatever food there is on hand is sent to the body of the tree to be stored up for use in the spring. All that remains in the cell cavities of the leaf is a watery substance in which a few oil globules and crystals, and a small number of yellow, slightly refractive bodies can be seen. These give the leaves the yellow coloring so familiar in autumnal foliage.

It often happens, however, that there is more sugar in the leaf than can be readily transferred back to the tree. When this is the case the chemical combination with the other substances produces many-colored tints varying from the brilliant red of the dogwood to the more austere red-brown of the oaks. In coniferous trees, which do not lose their foliage in the fall, the green coloring matter takes on a slightly brownish tinge, which, however, gives way to the lighter color in the spring.

While the color of the leaf is changing, other preparations are being made. At the point where the stem of the leaf is attached to the tree, a special layer of cells develops which gradually severs the tissues which support the leaf. At the same time Nature begins the cut, so that when the leaf is finally blown off by the wind or falls from its own weight, the place where it grew on the twig is marked by a scar.

Although the food which has been prepared in the cell cavities is sent back to the tree, the mineral substances with which the walls of the cells have become impregnated during the summer months are retained. Accordingly, when the leaves fall they contain relatively large amounts of valuable elements, such as nitrogen and phosphorus which were originally a part of the soil. The decomposition of the leaves results in enriching the top layers of the soil by returning these elements and by the accumulation of humus. That is why the mellow black earth from the forest floor is so fertile. But it is not allowed to run through the forest and leaves are burned, the most valuable of the fertilizing elements are changed by the heat into gases and escape into the air. As a result, forests which are burned over regularly soon lose their soil fertility even if no apparent damage is done to the standing timber.

NOTICE.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 31, 1917.

All persons, firms, associations and corporations having cigars, cigarettes, tobacco and snuff intended for sale on October 4th, 1917, are hereby notified to file with James J. Walsh, Collector of Internal Revenue, Hartford, Conn., a true and accurate inventory of all such goods on hand on that date. Blank forms for this purpose have been mailed to all taxpayers known to this office, and any person, firm, association, or corporation coming within the scope of the Act of October 3, 1917, that has failed to receive the form should immediately communicate or call at the local U. S. Internal Revenue Office, Room 215 Federal Building, Providence, R. I. That whoever fails to make any return required by this Act or the regulations made under authority thereof within the time prescribed or who makes false or fraudulent return, and whoever evades or attempts to evade any tax imposed by this Act or fails to collect or truly to account for and to pay over any such tax, shall be subject to a penalty of not more than \$10,000, or to imprisonment for not more than one year, or both, at the discretion of the court, and in addition thereto a penalty of double the tax evaded, or not collected, or accounted for and paid over, to be assessed and collected in the same manner as taxes are assessed and collected, in any case in which the punishment is not otherwise specifically provided.

Respectfully,
JAMES J. WALSH, Collector.

Historic Celebration in Barrington.

The year 1917 marks the 20th anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Barrington and its separation from the mother town, Swansea, and the 50th anniversary of the charter of Ancient Swansea by Plymouth Colony. It is also the 24th anniversary of the founding of the Proprietary of Swansea, now Barrington, purchased from Massachusetts in 1666.

The three important events of Barrington's history will be celebrated at Barrington on Saturday, Nov. 10th, at the town hall, afternoon and evening. Interesting historic and patriotic exercises are now planned by a committee of citizens and others of whom Mr. Thomas W. Spaulding is chairman. His daughter, Mrs. Spaulding, will deliver the chief address. William Spaulding, Barrington, Swansea, and Barrington, will be invited to a table at the banquet. The governor and other State officers will be invited to the banquet given.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Mr. Dennis Murphy, U. S. N. R. F., has gone to Pensacola, Florida, where he is now in the aviation department.

Mrs. Esther Hinson, who has been seriously ill with pertussis, is now able to sit up a part of each day.

Mrs. Harriet Durfee, who has been visiting here for several weeks, has gone to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Alfred Morton of Fall River.

Mr. Gideon W. Almy has been very ill with grippe.

Miss Mabel Fields, who has been in New Hampshire for the past month, has returned and is with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Almy of Union Street.

Messrs. Charles W. Anthony and Ward Elliott have been spending several days in New York.

Postmaster Amos F. Maivel is enjoying his annual vacation.

Miss Elizabeth Anthony, who was severely burned by a lamp exploding about a month ago, was able to return to her school duties at Rogers High School, Newport, on Monday.

The Ladies' Association of St. Paul's church gave Mrs. Mary A. Steele a pleasant surprise at her home, Monday afternoon in honor of her 81st birthday. Tea and coffee were served. Mrs. Steele received many gifts from her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Haise motored to Ayer recently to visit their son, Mr. Samuel Haise, Jr., who is at Camp Devens.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Grinnell, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Coggeshall, who have been away for a week, have returned home. They motored to Westfield and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton. They also visited many other places of interest and on Sunday went to Camp Devens to visit their friends there.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Chase, Dr. and Mrs. Seth D. Blake, Mr. Boston Anthony, Miss Clara Anthony and Miss Helen Sinclair motored to Ayer Sunday.

Mr. Ernest Cross, who is at Camp Devens, was here to visit his mother, Mrs. Amanda Cross, on Saturday.

Mrs. Henry F. Anthony is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lawton at Leo Center, Mass.

Mrs. Ella Brownell, who is spending some time with Mrs. Arthur Angell, of Riverside, has been guest of her sister, Mrs. Fannie Southwick and Mrs. Emma Sampson, for a few days.

Miss Kathryn Boyd and Mr. Charles E. Boyd entertained a large party of friends at Fair Hall on Monday evening in honor of Miss Boyd's eighteenth birthday. The hall was profusely decorated with flowers, autumn leaves, fruit, crepe paper and electric lights and looked very attractive. Dinner was served and later there was dancing, music being furnished by the Alpha orchestra of Newport. Mr. Arthur A. Sherman acted as toastmaster. Mrs. William K. Boyd assisted in receiving the guests. There were many novelties introduced during the evening which were much enjoyed, the cotillon dance and the moonlight walk being particularly popular. Miss Edna Malone sang and Miss Ruth Wallin, Miss Mary Macomber, Miss Eileen and Miss David gave some fancy dances in costume. Miss Malone playing for the dances and accompanying the young ladies when they sang several songs. Many of the men present are in the government service and several more are preparing to do so.

Contractor McCormick is pushing the work of road building here and the work is coming along well. The roads were filled with water and mud by the storm on Wednesday and work had to be abandoned, but only temporarily.

The Hallow E'en supper given by the Helping Hand Society in the vestry of the Methodist Episcopal church on Tuesday evening was well attended, many coming from out of town. The room was prettily decorated with appropriate decorations, the committee being Miss Edna M. Brophy, Miss Alice N. Stanton, Miss Emily Fennell, Miss Violetta Yeaw, Miss Edith Rose and Miss Laura Coggeshall. The supper committee was Mrs. Robert M. Wyatt, Mrs. Wm. F. Stanton and Mrs. Vincent Coggeshall. Those in charge of the tables were Mrs. Sydney F. Haisley and Miss Edna M. Brophy. Mrs. Harrison Macomber and Mrs. Everett Cornell passed out tea and coffee. The Charles S. Atley was in charge of the fancy work table. Misses Martha Ashley and Elizabeth Rose sold home made candy. Mrs. Ralph Freedman sold supper tickets.

Mr. Alphonse Davol, an employee of the Bay State Street Railway Company, has gone to Newport Hospital for treatment. Mr. Davol had been ill for two weeks and did not respond to treatment as was desired, so it was deemed best to remove him to the hospital.

Mr. Augustus L. Wilbur met with a very painful accident recently. He was filling his sho when some of the machinery became clogged. Mr. Wilbur cleared it with his hand several times and when attempting to clear it again his left hand was caught and several fingers were mangled. A physician was called to dress the wound and he found that no bones were broken, but the pain was excruciating.

Mr. Samuel Haise has been transferred from the Sixth Additional Company, Depot Brigade, to the 80th Infantry.

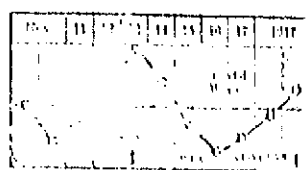
Messrs. Raymond B. Ayler and Daniel Wagner, of this town, were guests at a dinner given in Newport this week for the men who are going in the next draft for the new National army.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Harrison Peckham entertained a party of friends on All Hallows' Eve. Stories were told about the open fire and Hallow E'en games were played. Refreshments were served.

A Different Song.

W. J. Bryan says that he does not know how long the war will last but that he knows the quickest way out is straight through. Fine, fine! And how splendid that would have sounded a few years back when a Republican administration was trying to put down the Agoncillo rebellion in order to bring peace, health and happiness to the residents of the Philippines. But Bryan was singing a different song in those days.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 2.—Last bulletin forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Nov. 7 to 11, with wave 8 to 10, and wave 12. About normal temperatures with this storm, as an average, but the fall in temperature from the top of the warm wave to bottom of the cold wave will be sufficient to make a cold wave at the center of the latter. These storm waves affect your locality according to the path over which their centers move. As we improve our forecasts the interested reader will get greater benefits by studying more closely the nature of weather events. The above described storm is of no unusual importance as it is in the moderate force.

Next warm wave will reach Vancouver about Nov. 10 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope. It will cross crest of Rockies by close of Nov. 11, passing sections 12, midland 10, great lakes and Ohio valleys 13, eastern sections 14, reaching vicinity of Newfoundland about Nov. 16.

This disturbance will come in Pacific land on western part of continent and go out, leaving like a lion, in eastern sections. No matter where you live nor what path the center of this storm takes you will get it in a indirect way. If you are far enough away from the central path of this storm you will get the famous Indian summer with no cloud in sight, but to get that delightful condition you must live among the greener away down in Mexico, or the bottom of the frozen north.

Get ready for a bad storm, a severe cold wave, a blizzard; they are coming and will reach the central parts of the inhabited sections east of Rockies during the five days centering on Nov. 14. The next storm will come in like a menacing tiger on the Pacific slope and go on like a play full kitten through eastern sections.

Excepting these severe storms we are expecting good crop weather in the States and Canada. The Mexican drought has held our middle southwest in its grip for a long time, and has particularly affected some of the wheat. We are not so much relieved in September and it came, but the drought condition was not broken up. We also predicted some relief to begin not far from Oct. 25. These predictions of relief do not mean that the Mexican drought will be broken in our southwest, it only means that temporary relief has been expected at certain times.

Our newspaper weather bulletins do not pretend to forecast weather conditions more than a month in advance. It is not practical to go beyond that through the newspaper channel. The Mexican drought condition, that has been so disastrous to our middle southwest, will be broken up and that country will be restored to prosperity, but we are not ready to say when, through our newspaper publications.

Show Us.

A representative of the Department of Agriculture addressed a meeting in Washington a few days ago and emphasized the need of production of pure milk at a lower price. He might rent a farm and show the American dairymen how to do it.

Mr. George deM. Congdon has returned from a trip to New York and Philadelphia.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, NOVEMBER, 1917.

STANDARD TIME											
Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12

Deaths.

In this city, 28th ult., Francis P. Dunbar, 10, 10th St.
In this city, 28th ult., Cornelius E. son of Joseph and the late Caroline Rut, aged 10 years and 11 months.
In this city, 28th ult., Sarah E. widow of John E. Gifford.
In this city, 28th ult., 19th St. Roger, wife of Arthur Rogers.
In this city, 28th ult., Michael P. son of the late Thomas and Bridget P. P.
In this city, 28th ult., the late William H. P. son of the late William H. P. and Jane P. P.
In this city, 28th ult., John Joseph, son of Joseph and the late Mary and Eliza P. P.
In this city, 28th ult., Robert P. P. son of the late Robert P. P. and Jane P. P.
In this city, 28th ult., Robert P. P. son of the late Robert P. P. and Jane P. P.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Newport County Farm Bureau opened an office on Meeting Street in the Exchange Bank Building, July 2.

Office hours 8 to 10.30 every day, 7.30 to 12 m. Saturdays.

MAKE US A VISIT TEL. 3474
"Let your Farm Bureau Help You."

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for their own or others regarding tenements, houses, farms and other real estate, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1891. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the State of Rhode Island and Notary Public. His Branch Office open all summer in America for the summer of 1917 and 1918.

The heavy horizontal line represents the normal of temperature. The zigzag line is the predicted movement of temperature up and down. Dates at the top are for their time at midday 00. If you are east of that line these weather features should reach you one or two days earlier. Midday 00 is near the Mississippi River. Newport is many degrees east and the weather prediction will apply here two days later.

NEWS CONDENSED FOR BUSY READERS

Brief Items From Various Sections of New England

Cyrus W. Davis, 62, supervisor of the Portland customs market, former secretary of state and member of the Maine legislature, died at Portland.

Irwin W. Gibson, 5, while playing ball in a Boston street, ran in front of an automobile and was killed.

Rev. George Whitaker, D. D., prominent in educational work in Methodist circles, died at his home at Somerville, Mass. He was born in Boston 51 years ago.

An investigation of sales charged for the transportation of property by railroads and electric roads in Maine, by Attorney General Binns, was ordered by the governor and his council.

While in a crib in the home of her parents at Boston, Grace M. Frayne, an infant, was smothered to death when a cork in a radiator burst.

The will of William B. Plunkett, cotton manufacturer of Adams, Mass., leaves his entire estate, valued to be more than \$1,000,000, to two sons.

More than \$275,000 will be collected in interest and costs on overdue taxes this year, according to a statement by Alexander C. Bailey of Boston.

At a meeting of directors of the National Savings Bank, Boston, Wm. H. Ray A. Gibson remained as president, but Alfred L. Allen was elected his successor.

Eight hundred striking leather workers at Taunton, Mass., returned to work after an agreement had been signed settling the workmen a cut wage of \$20 a week. They had been on strike 42 days since July 22.

Paul M. professional automobile driver, who is in the hospital, was told by the stand jury at Boston in 1908. May confessed to stealing over a score of cars.

Mrs. Marguerite P. Carrière, 45, continued her \$200,000 suit, filed at Boston against her father-in-law for the alleged alienation of the affections of her husband. No explanation was given.

Twelve fishing schooners in the fleet fishing fish to the Boston market have been bought by the Commonwealth Fisheries company. The purchase price was not divulged.

John D. Lewis, 16, of Reading, Mass., a prohibition worker, was married to Mrs. Myrtle C. Wilkinson, 18, assistant to Rev. Dr. Carlisle Myers at Tremont Temple, Boston. It is the couple's third matrimony.

The body of Daniel W. Hatch, 3, was found in Eli pond, Melrose, Mass.

Three persons were drowned by the swamping of a motorboat in a lake at North Wayne, Me. They were Leo Burrows, 16, Frank Bradford, 22, and James Stebbins, 18.

Edward Daley, machinist in the employ of the Boston and Albany railroad, was instantly killed at Warren, Mass., when he stepped in front of a train.

Nell Brown, 58, was instantly killed at Boston when a heavy trolley car rolled over her.

Independent because of ill health, William H. Galtman, 76, a clerk in the defense department bureau, Washington, committed suicide at Malden, Mass., while home on furlough.

Mrs. Frances E. Spencer, 56, and Miss Martha E. Spencer, a sister, 76, were burned to death at Hartford as the result of a fire in their home.

Four-year-old Helen Mercha was run over and killed at Lowell, Mass., by an automobile.

William Lavelle, 48, was killed at Proctor, Mass., when struck by an automobile.

Rev. James Lee, for twenty-eight years pastor of the Immaculate Conception church at Revere, Mass., died at the age of 85. He was one of the best-known priests in the archdiocese.

The postoffice at South Yarmouth, Mass., was broken and entered by burglars and the safe was blown open and contents stolen.

The food administration announced appointment of George W. Mitter of Foster as state merchant representative for Massachusetts.

John MacLaughlin, 27, and Clarence Storm, 24, were burned to death by a fire at the Barrett Manufacturing company's plant at Everett, Mass., caused by the explosion of a vat containing 5000 gallons of tar.

The lifeless body of a female child was found in a suitcase by two boys who were playing in a Rockland, Mass., patch of woods.

A fortune, variously estimated at from \$50,000 to \$100,000, was left by Miss Sarah E. Manning, an eccentric old woman, well known to Bostonians for more than half a century and long believed to be impoverished, almost destitute circumstances. She could read and write several languages. The final map of Massachusetts voted to adopt a standard form of official record. They also voted to enforce the two-day delay in the filing of the record.

The strike of clerks in Hingham, Mass., necessitates provision stores was stopped by the decision of the proprietors to grant the demands for Wednesday half-holiday.

Robert S. Perry, 21, and his wife, Eva H., 24, were found dead in bed in their room in a Boston lodging house. A telephone was broken, which had been used to establish communication for a gas heater, explained their death, which is thought to have been accidental.

No afternoon tea, no refreshments between meals is the program of women's clubs in Providence.

Charles Griffin of Waltham, a member of the first field artillery at Camp Devens, who was injured in an automobile accident, died at the base hospital. Griffin's skull was fractured.

Capt. Fifth and the ship Mary F. Griffin took up a new record at Boston for the mackerel season. Their total catch reached the value of \$12,000. Each member of the crew received \$1,000.

Albert M. Towle, a Providence druggist, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for embezzling \$1500 from his daughter.

Employees of the Warren and Brookfield, Mass., Street Railway company, who have been out on strike, returned to work pending decision by arbitration of their demand for an increase in pay of 24 cents an hour.

Dr. Archibald van Sonnenberg, Boston physician, was given three to five years in state prison for performing two illegal operations.

The Central Vermont railroad was tied up by a freight wreck near Shelton, Vt. Much livestock was killed in the crash.

Lea Cooney, 16, of Bacon, Me., died of injuries received in a hunting accident when he was shot by a companion who did not know the gun was loaded.

Bomb and infernal machine makers will not find it so easy to obtain materials for their instruments of destruction if the demands of Boston observe a request made by the police department.

David A. Gilman, 51, was burned to death and his housekeeper, Mrs. M. L. Sargent, 50, died from shock as the result of a fire in the Gilman home at Townsend, Mass.

Joseph Froelich, a wealthy Springfield bank clerk, paid a fine of \$500 in the district federal court at Boston for having received goods stolen in interstate trade.

John R. Oldfield, 69, manager of the Lawrence Opera House, and widely known in New England the musical circles, died suddenly on the street at Lawrence, Mass., of heart trouble.

Joseph Gullerppo of Boston was struck and killed at Cambridge, Mass., by an automobile.

The directors of the New England Telephone and Telegraph company elected A. B. Jones a director and vice president of the company.

J. C. Hoyt of Stamford, Conn., was killed when his automobile ran over a large marine truck.

More than half of the \$5,000,000 estate of Mrs. Sarah A. Evans, widow of Robert D. Evans of Boston was bequeathed to charitable, educational and other institutions.

Another big freighter for government service was launched when the Number 284 slid down the way at Quincy, Mass.

William S. Foster, 9, was run over and killed at Boston by an automobile.

While the parents looked on terrified, five-year-old Mary L. Kemp was instantly killed at Methuen, Mass., by an automobile.

Averard Johnson of Hillsboro, R. I., was killed when his motorcycle crashed head on into an automobile.

BATTERED ARMY MAKES STAND

Italians Prepare to Give Battle on Bank of Tagliamento HAVE SUFFERED HEAVY LOSS

Berlin, Oct. 31.—The Italian army, after suffering heavy losses in the battle of the Piave, has been driven back to the Tagliamento river. The Italian army, after suffering heavy losses in the battle of the Piave, has been driven back to the Tagliamento river. The Italian army, after suffering heavy losses in the battle of the Piave, has been driven back to the Tagliamento river.

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NEW WAR TAXES IN EFFECT

Postage, Amusements, Transportation and Other Items Affected
Washington, Nov. 2.—The last day of grace from heavy new war taxes has expired. With the exception of increased letter rates and taxes which will be in effect tomorrow, the special stamp taxes on documents, bonds, mortgages and patent applications, which go into operation today, are the special taxes begun to apply to additional and higher taxes.

These eight items of a new tax on letters, except those for letters for delivery to the same postal district in which they are mailed.
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LONG A NOTED EDUCATOR

Death of Dr. Andrews, Former President of Brown University
Providence, Oct. 31.—Edwin Henry Andrews, D. D., former president of Brown university, later chancellor of the University of Kentucky and one of the foremost educators in the country, died at Interlaken, Fla. Word of his death came in a message received here from his son.

TOTAL FUND OF \$35,000,000

Y. M. C. A. Starts Campaign to Aid Boys in the Army and Navy
Boston, Nov. 2.—The opening gun in the Y. M. C. A. war work campaign fund of \$2,000,000 in Boston from Nov. 11 to Nov. 10 was launched with a luncheon to the forty chairmen of various working committees of the Boston municipal district.

NEW BATCH IN TRENCHES

Casualties Among First Americans on French Front Are Negligible
With The American Army in France, Nov. 2.—The first battalions of Americans in the trenches have been relieved by others. Relief, which is considered one of the critical periods, when the enemy by shelling the approaches to the positions may inflict heavy damage, was accomplished successfully. Apparently the enemy was not aware of what was going on.

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PLEDGES COMING IN BY MILLIONS

Food Saving Campaign Proving Highly Successful CALLED VITAL WAR WORK

Intense Pro-German Propaganda Has Brought to Boldly Vast Army of Workers—Every Family Can Play Part in Battle of Nations—Government Control Becomes Effective
Washington, Nov. 2.—Campaign headquarters of the food administration announced that at the beginning of the fifth day of the food saving week, campaign, the 1,999,999 mark had been passed in the number of cards signed.

This represents for the most part the result of the campaign in the large cities. Eleven states have been credited no returns as yet. Indiana still leads the field with 110,252 pledges. Virginia is a close second with 104,021, while Ohio and Michigan third and fourth with 102,000 and 97,000, respectively. New York leads all other cities with over 191,000.

The plan of this campaign with its one family out of every two in the United States enrolled for membership in the United States food administration, said H. J. Hunt, national campaign director.
"Reports indicate intense pro-German propaganda in certain parts of the country, but the effect of this has been to solidify our organization of food workers and to make evident to communities farthest removed from war conditions the fact that this is a vital war work."

The campaign is to bring home to the average American family the part it can play in preparing the nation for an inevitable position in the war. The campaign has established the fact that food conservation is a definite war service.

"The scheme is unbreakable in spite of efforts of the enemy within to make it appear that we are having the contents of family pantries to waste them. Needless to say, no intelligent family fails for this mail campaign propaganda, and the great mass of our people are beginning to recognize the fact that home united, family enrolled, food conserved, means America invincible."

The food manufacturers, who make and distribute are stampeding to come under governmental control. The license division of the food administration was swamped with eleven hour applications for permits. The number of applicants exceeds all expectations, the aggregate probably reaching 100,000.

Proclamation of the regulations awaits final approval by Herbert Hoover and President Wilson, expected in a few days.
State food administrators will put the regulations into operation, it was announced.

An immediate drop in prices on canned vegetables was predicted by the food administration as a result of putting into operation the license system for wholesale dealers. Many canned goods, it was said, were bought by dealers at low prices last spring and can be sold at less than the present market prices.

Dealers charging more than a reasonable profit are liable to forfeiture of their license to do business. Retailers will be controlled to an extent, also, through the operation of the licensing system. Those charging more than the food administration considers just will find their supplies cut off by orders to wholesalers to cease furnishing them with goods.

CAUTION TO FOOD PIRATES

Example Will Be Made of Those Charging Exorbitant Prices
Washington, Nov. 1.—Herbert Hoover today became director general in every way food firm in the United States. His object is to put the public from extortion and speculative profits.

Whoever who made more than a reasonable profit will be closed down. Hoover will find it impossible to buy if they overcharge. Hoover is determined to make with an example of the first problem that others of his may take warning.

WILL NOT REACH MAXIMUM

New England's Liberty Loan Total Placed at About \$457,750,000
Boston, Nov. 2.—All subsequent announcements of figures of results of the second Liberty loan will come from Washington. It was announced at the headquarters of the New England committee. A telegram was received from the secretary of the treasury stating that no more figures will be given out until the total has been received and then given out by the treasury department.

TORPEDO HITS TRANSPORT

American Ship Returns to Foreign Port Under Her Own Steam
Washington, Nov. 2.—The American transport Finland was torpedoed in English waters, home waters bound. Secretary Daniels announced.
There was no loss of life and the transport returned to a foreign port, under her own steam.

OFFICERS' QUARTERS BURN

Personal Effects Valued at \$5000 Destroyed at Camp Devens
Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., Nov. 2.—Fire, believed to have been started by an exploding oil stove, burned their way through almost the entire length of a 100-foot one-story officers' quarters building here last night with such speed that in a few minutes the whole camp was lighted up with the glow, the personal effects of nearly a score of officers were destroyed, and the building left practically in ruins.

The fire, breaking out a few minutes after 8 o'clock when nearly all the recruits in camp were at leisure, drew thousands of them to gather in a massed throng which surrounded the building while the bills everywhere were crowded with soldiers watching the brilliant blaze from a distance. Personal effects valued at \$5000 were lost by the officers.

German Warship Sinks

Copenhagen, Nov. 2.—A German warship has been sunk in the sound, according to a dispatch from Malmoe, Sweden. It is reported that the vessel struck a mine.

ITCHING BURNING RASH NEARLY DROVE MISS PRATT WILD

Healed by Cuticura in Less Than a Month With Two Boxes Ointment and Two Cakes Soap, Cost \$1.50.
"I was taken first with a fine humor on my hands and around my ankles. The general appearance was of a red rash, and there was such itching and burning it nearly drove me wild. By scratching the affected parts they got moist and I was obliged to keep my ankles and fingers wrapped in linen. It bothered me most at night."

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE USE ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

LOOK OVER OUR STOCK

Years of experience in the selection of ELECTRIC SUPPLIES for the HOME enable us to offer you the best only, with a guarantee of

QUALITY and EFFICIENCY

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

Phone 28 Illuminating Department, 449 Thames St.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

Newport, R. I., August 17, 1917.
At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Newport Trust Company held August 10, 1917, the following directors were elected for the ensuing year:
R. Livingston Beekman, Edward J. Berwind, Charles A. Brackett, H. Martin Brown, Clark Burdick, Samuel P. Colt, Charles D. Eaton, Henry P. Edridge, Otto Everett, Frederick P. Garretton, Lawrence L. Gillespie, Ernest Howe, Peter King, William MacLeod, Frank C. Nichols, Thomas P. Peckham, T. J. Haro Powell, Andrew K. Quinn, Edward A. Sherman, James Sullivan, Jeremiah K. Sullivan, Henry A. G. Taylor, Charles Tisdall.
At a meeting of the Board of Directors held August 17, 1917, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:
President—Thomas P. Peckham, Vice President—Clark Burdick, Treasurer and Secretary—Edward A. Sherman, EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Secretary.

The Savings Bank of Newport

NEWPORT, R. I.
INCORPORATED A. D. 1819

Oct. 19, 1916	Oct. 19, 1917	INCREASE
DEPOSITS		
\$10,255,152.44	\$10,537,238.90	\$282,086.46
Surplus		
\$992,601.74	\$1,066,047.00	\$73,445.26
G. P. TAYLOR, Treasurer.		

Commonwealth Hotel

(Incorporated) (Boston Herald)

Opposite State House, BOSTON, MASS.



Offers special with hot and cold water for \$1.00 per day, which includes free use of public shower bath, bathing to equal this in New England. Rooms with private bath for \$2.00 per day, suites of two rooms and bath for \$12.00 per day.

ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF
TEMPERANCE HOUSE
Send for Booklet

STONER E. CRAFTS, Genl. Mgr.

Do You Want Cash

For Your Farm Property?

Farmer & Traders' Bureau, Inc.

12-59-244 1141, Jamestown, N. H.

Comfort to Enemy Discontinued.

The appalling truth regarding our shipments of supplies to neutrals adjacent to Germany, is emphasized by the recently issued report of the Department of Commerce showing exports for the month of August and the eight months ended in August. The report shows a marked decline in shipments to northern European neutrals adjacent to Germany. As the New York Journal of Commerce appropriately remarks, "the effect of the embargo put into operation by this country is readily seen in the decline of goods shipped to nations where they might be sent across the German frontier and thus give comfort to the enemy." The humiliating feature of the disclosure is that not until August, 1917, was there any marked decline in this trade which could readily give comfort to the enemy. There had been a slight decline in July, but it was more than four months after we entered the war before we effected a material decline in the shipments against which the allies had so long protested.

A specter more gruesome and terrifying than that which haunted father and child in Goethe's "Erlkönig" hovers over the headlong path of Germany today. The fear of a peace registering military defeat is already in her heart, but beyond that she shudders at the thought of what may happen to her industries and commerce after the close of the war. What if she should emerge from the Teutonic dream of world conquest to find her foreign markets gone, her sources of raw material cut off, the harbors where her ships were wont to call closed against her?

Frederick Naumann, writing in his paper, the Illust, has sounded the alarm and his note of warning is being echoed all through the fatherland. He complains that private business has been destroyed by the war, that bank credits remain unpaid, and that England is now waging a campaign of "economic death," with the likelihood that America and France will join in an agreement to "debar the Germans as far as possible from the interchange of Kultur." Nothing is more certain for him than that business alliances will spring up pledged to taboo all supply of cotton, copper, leather or other raw material to Germany; he counsels his countrymen not to delude themselves and "to prepare for gigantic surprises." Simultaneously, Dr. August Mueller, under-secretary of the German food office, pictures what will happen "if England succeeds in permanently keeping German economic life under as she has done during the war." Herr Rathenau, the magnate of the electric industry, and Herr Gwinner of the Deutsche Bank, are agreed that no military success will secure the cotton, wool, jute or rubber Germany needs, replenish her depleted stores of copper, zinc, tin and nickel, or yield the coffee, tea and cocoa she cannot produce herself. Finally, Adolf von Berg, the economist, expresses his dread of "an economic boycott," and asks the leaders of the nation not to conclude any peace which does not secure Germany against an open trade war.

Think of the reckless manner in which Germany staked her all on the throw of the imperial dice! When she participated in the Philadelphia exposition of 1876 her representative there was compelled to report that German industry produced only the articles that were "poor and cheap"—that Krupp guns comprised "the only portion of the empire's industrial output of which it was possible to be proud." Two years later, tired of having his country flooded with foreign goods, Bismarck broke with the free trade party and initiated the policies which gave Germany a grip on world markets and supplied the underpinning of her military strength. Today, with the fears that go with a bad conscience, Germany sees the whole of that advance imperiled—realizes that, at the end of the ride, like the child in the fable, she may find it dead in her arms.

CARE OF SEED CORN

Begin Immediately After Gathering and Continue Until the Grain Is Planted.

DRY PLACE IS RECOMMENDED

No Locality Where Crop Will Not Be Bettered by Thorough Drying Treatment—Poor Storage Will Impair Vitality.

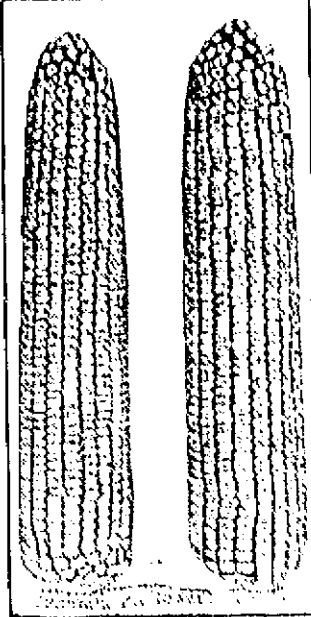
(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The same day that seed corn is gathered from standing stalks as they grow in the field the husked ears should be put in a dry place where there is a free circulation of air, and so placed that the ears do not touch one another.

This is the only safe way, according to the United States department of agriculture, which says that much good seed has been ruined because it was thought to be dry enough when gathered. Many farmers think that their autumn is so dry that these precautions are not necessary, yet there is no locality where the corn will not be bettered by a thorough drying treatment. If corn is left in the husk it may sprout or mellow before it is planted.

the ears heat or mellow in a remarkably short time.

The best and cheapest treatment by immediately after the ears are gathered and husked is to tie the ears singly on binder twine at about eight-inch intervals, the twine being looped about



Excellent Ears for Seed.

the middle of the ears so that they hang balanced and horizontal. Ordinary binder twine is strong enough to support from 15 to 20 ears.

Wire racks are cheaper in the long run and more convenient. A good form is made from welded or woven wire fencing, the upright wires being used as the hangers, and the lateral wires cut off and bent upward being used as supports for the individual ears. The lateral wires, about three inches long on either side of the main upright, are thrust into the butt end of the cobs. These racks will last many years and are easily stored when not in use. In use, with the corn upon them, they have somewhat the appearance of giant fern fronds. The central wire is the middle of the leaf, and the ears of corn stand out on each side like the fern leaflets, or like leaflets on a locust tree.

Wooden Racks Convenient.

Wooden seed racks, in which the ears are stored in rows on separate shelves, are convenient dryers, and have no drawbacks in a dry, breezy place, although the air cannot circulate freely on all sides and dampness may be held where the row of kernels rests on the wood.

Only during unusually damp weather at seed-gathering time will a fire be necessary to help the drying. Yet if heat is applied in a poorly ventilated place, it will do more harm than good. If used, the fire should be slow and long-continued. It should be below the ears with plenty of good ventilation above them.

BEST ATTENTION TO MEADOW

Some of Them in England Have Yielded Enormous Crops of Hay or Been Grazed for Years.

No part of the farm pays better than a good meadow and it should, therefore, have the best attention. In England we find the best meadows in the world. Some of them have yielded enormous crops of hay or been grazed for 200 years. They tell you there that it takes a century to make a meadow. England is also the land of great beef cattle. Good meadows and cattle are inseparable.

Do not fail to top-dress the meadow with fertilizer. In which 200 or 300 pounds of acid phosphate per acre has been mixed, or the acid phosphate may be broadcasted after applying the manure. If no manure is available from 60 to 800 pounds of acid or half acid phosphate and half bone meal should be applied. Treat your meadows right and they will return long profits.

SEEK INFORMATION ON SEED

Department of Agriculture Proposes to File Such Intelligence in Answering Inquiries.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The committee on seed stocks of the United States department of agriculture is endeavoring to assist in supplying information as to where seeds may be obtained. To this end it will appreciate information from anyone who has seed to offer. The information should contain the name, kind, and variety, and approximately the quantity of seed offered as well as the price asked. It proposes to file all such information and to use it in answering inquiries that may be received from various parts of the country. All such communications should be addressed to R. A. Oakley, Chairman, Committee on Seed Stocks, United States department of agriculture, Washington.

CUTTING CORN FOR THE SILO

Best Time Is When Grains Are Well Dented—Pays Farmer to Own His Silage Cutter.

Cut corn for silo when the grains are well dented. This is generally when the lower leaves and husks are beginning to dry up, and the corn is nearly ready to cut for silage.

It pays to have your own silage cutter, so as to cut the silage when the crop is in the best condition.

Nature's Sense of Humor.
"Nature has a sense of humor," says Lina Bantz. "There is no other way to account for the hangover."—Toledo Blade.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

NO HANDS, WORKS

Maimed Soldier Goes Home and Learns to Do Things.

Designs and Manufactures Apparatus Which Enable Him Almost to Ignore His Mutilation.

One French farm is being cultivated by a former soldier who lost both hands in the war. Jean Baptiste Ledrans is the man who has overcome this handicap. When war was declared Ledrans was a young handy mechanic, accustomed to repairing plows and reapers. At the call to arms he rejoined his battery as a cavalry sergeant. He distinguished himself by mounting a bomb motor and advancing with the infantry to the attack of a strong redoubt. This exploit earned him the rank of underlieutenant.

After fighting safely through many battles, Ledrans was wounded near Arras and upon his recovery was transferred to the infantry, says a correspondent of the Chicago News. In his new position the young underlieutenant, because of his mechanical ability, was assigned to the grenade section, where he soon became proficient. Finally he became an instructor.

It was while instructing some young soldiers, about to leave for the front, that Ledrans received his terrible wounds. A new recruit produced an experimental grenade from his pocket and gave it to Ledrans. The instructor began his lesson, releasing the first lighter which, unfortunately, was connected with a loaded grenade, and not one as used in practice. The grenade exploded, killing six men and wounding several others. Ledrans was wounded in five places; a rib broken, right eye put out, one ear drum pierced and his two hands carried away.

This was in 1916. In spite of his injuries, Ledrans' fiancée remained faithful, and two months later received a letter written by her future husband. In January, 1917, they were married and Ledrans is now cultivating his father-in-law's farm.

Putting his ingenuity to practical use, the former soldier has been able to design and build apparatus which enable him almost to ignore his mutilation. He can hitch up and drive a horse, driving by sitting on the loop of the lines and guiding with his arranged forearms. He can load and unload the wagon, care for the horse and manage a team as well. The whip passes through a ring in the right arm equipment.

By means of a special harness Ledrans can work in the fields as well as anyone. A steel plate strapped on the body, and supplemented with leathers for the arms, support the interchangeable tools which are needed to perform various operations of farm work. On the left arm is carried a ring through which the handle of the rake or shovel slides like through the hand. The right arm is equipped with a socket and set screws in which the tools can be placed and fixed. There is a complete assortment of farm tools and special hooks.

The farm work done, the brave ex-soldier takes off his "working arms," and his wife adjusts a pair of elastic gloves which accommodate the smaller articles of daily use. With these gloves Ledrans can write, shave, eat and dress himself. He drinks by taking the cup between the two elastic gloves. Combing his hair, brushing his teeth and adjusting his collar become simple operations to this injured man, who has solved, for himself, one of the great problems of the war.

Naval Recruiting Signs.

In a recruiting station in lower Broadway in New York is a device to show passersby how they look in uniform. It is a figure in khaki, stuffed with excelsior and set up to stand at "attention." Between the collar and cap is placed an oval shaving mirror, the size and general shape of your face. By peering into it you will see yourself clad in good, honest khaki. Except for a wholesome tan and a more determined expression, that is the way you would look in uniform. On the figure is hung this placard: "Our hat's in the ring. Come in and put one on." Another poster urges the necessity of enlisting. It reads: "Come across, or Germany will." Still another contains this little call to arms: "What Burns said in 1782 is good for 1917; Oh, why the deuce should I repine, and be an ill-forboded? Am twenty-three and 5 feet 9—'I'll go and be a soldier."

Japan's Shipbuilding.

Nowhere, perhaps, is the effect of the war upon Japan more patent than in her great naval yards at Yokosuka; nowhere does the strength and magnitude of her ambitions find more cogent demonstration. The possessors of an island empire, the statesmen of Japan have not been slow to recognize the value of a strong navy and a powerful and numerous mercantile marine. Under a system of shipbuilding and ship-repairing bounties, her merchant shipping has made huge strides; and the advocates of state aid, in return under certain circumstances for state control, may point confidently to the successful transportation of troops in time of war in justification of their policy.

To Be Kept Mum.

"That was a homely woman I saw you with last night."
"I don't tell my wife."
"She didn't know about it, eh?"
"Oh, yes, she was the woman."

Describes Trouble.

"Trouble," said Uncle Eben, "in a lot of cases is only just a lady man's name for hard work."

Worth While Quotation.

He surely is most in want of another's patience who has none of his own.—Larator.

CLOTHES OF MANY COLORS OFFERED

Average Woman Confused by Kaleidoscope Run Before Her Eyes.

MIDNIGHT BLUE HOLDS OWN

Dark Green Is Popular but Is Shade Women Must Use With Care—Burgundy Red and Arillery Gray Prominent.

New York.—There are stirring times in clothes. The manufacturers and shops have prepared for a rush season. It is their own expression that they are actually scrambling for a supply to meet the demand.

The French gowns are not only exploited, but tremendously admired and approved. The effects of those who have taken the French silhouette and built gowns in their own workrooms, made of American materials, should be commended in an entire chapter.

Some of the best houses in this country have tried out experienced designers and colorists in producing several hundred gowns that are direct cousins to the French in which they express the adopted Parisian lines. Each of the designers gives full tribute to the fact that Paris has laid down the laws for the season; but every designer boasts with honest pride that the clothes are the product of American study and workmanship.

In every case, the houses that showed these American gowns called upon their experienced French workers to produce them, and the only ones that were successful were the gowns that had been given into the hands of those who had studied the Paris methods with reverence and earnestness. The result was that the clientele of these houses saw extraordinarily good drapery, the combination of alluring colors and an excellence in tailored suits that we are led to believe is purely American.

The Colors That Prevail.

The silhouette has been established. Every woman now knows that her



The material in this evening gown is heavy brocade satin, the odd bodice in dark blue with a girde of pale gold dotted with jet beads. Skirt of pale gold with flowers in blue, gold and black.

skirt is to be narrow and her coat long or short, provided it clings to the figure. She knows that top coats are as important as frocks and that some of the best tailors offer only sport suits and top coats to wear over thin one-piece gowns.

She also knows that soft materials take precedence over stiff ones; but she has not exactly classified the various colors, fabrics and accessories that she must accept or avoid.

These are vastly important matters to the average shopper. True, there is a class of women who go to expensive houses that handle only a few of the most fashionable pieces of apparel and offer nothing that can lead one into the wrong path; but this class remains an exclusive one, and what they do or do not do is not always a guide to the mass of women who must fight out the battle of clothes in their own way and to whom victory is vital.

Take colors. Who does not feel perplexed and confused on entering a shop where hundreds of colors are dashed upon the vision and offered as the latest thing? One feels that a gigantic kaleidoscope has been run before the eyes. The brain refuses to work. The judgment is suspended. One comes out of the shop with a feeling that it is futile to try to buy clothes and with a desire to let the season slide.

It is this discouragement that assails three-quarters of the women who go out to get their new apparel, so let them be guided by the fact that in many colors are really in fashion.

CASTORIA

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Always bears the Signature of J. C. H. H. H.

There is always a way of doing every worth-while thing.

Horticultural Points



CONTROL FRUIT TREE BORER

Cut Out Insect and Apply Concentrated Lime Sulphur—Look After Trees Biennially.

There are two kinds of borers in fruit trees, the round-headed borer and the flat-headed borer. The round-headed borer probably does the greater injury to infested trees, but the flat-headed is the more common and therefore on the whole does more injury.

There is no absolutely sure method of controlling these borers inasmuch as it is impossible to prevent the parent borers from laying their eggs on the trunks of trees, and once the borer is inside the tree it is difficult to get it. However, the following treatments will be found of considerable value:



Adult Roundheaded Borer.

(a) Cut out the borers and then apply a wash such as concentrated lime sulphur, or an alkaline wash made by adding caustic potash to soap and water until a thick creamy mixture is formed. This wash should be applied as far up as the lower limbs and renewed once in three or four weeks. The first application should be made early in June; (b) the most satisfactory method is to kill the borers by means of a wire after having found their burrows.

If the trees are looked after once a year, say in the fall or early spring, a great many valuable trees can be saved.

ORCHARD FOR FRUIT SUPPLY

One Acre of Carefully Selected Varieties Will Be Found Sufficient—Plan in Fall.

(Clemson College Bulletin.) Is your home orchard furnishing a succession of fruits with a surplus for canning? If not, plan now to establish during the fall and winter an orchard of this kind. A home orchard of one acre of carefully selected fruits and varieties is usually sufficient to furnish a generous supply of fruit throughout the season, and a canning surplus for winter.

By planting in fall and winter more time is had for the thorough preparation of the soil, time is saved, trees will become well established before the growing season and the conserved moisture lessens the per cent of dead trees.

ATTENTION TO SPRAY PUMPS

Farmer Should Go Over All Parts, Cleaning Them and Oiling—Shelter While Idle.

Are you taking care of your spray pump? Go over all the different parts of the pump, cleaning them off and oiling them. Unless this precaution is taken your pump will be out of order when you will need it. The spray materials rust the metal parts, and they soon become useless unless they are cleaned and oiled when the season is over. Don't fail to keep the pump, and all other machinery under shelter when not in use.

ATTENTION TO BUSH FRUITS

Pruning Should Not Be Done Until Fruiting Season Has Closed Except to Remove Old Canes.

(By LE ROY CADDY, Associate Horticulturist, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.)

Remember that the fruit of raspberries, blackberries, etc., is borne on wood of last year's growth, hence pruning should not be done until after the bushes are through fruiting, except to remove dead or old wood and to thin the canes.

SOME GOOD PRUNING POINTS

Go Over Trees Annually, but Never Prune Heavily—Avoid Injuring Cambium in Any Way.

Prune annually, but never heavily. Wounds heal most rapidly in spring. Heavy pruning awakes to wood growth. Never use a hatchet for removing suckers. Avoid injuring the cambium in any way.

She Paved the Way.

"How did you get when you asked him for my hat?" "Very easily and conveniently. I took me completely by surprise." "And him you used to be a regular?"

"There is always a way of doing every worth-while thing."

Der Kaiser und Der Crown Prince

By A. H. WILKINS

Der Kaiser called the Crown Prince in, and said to him, "Well now, I think you are a good fellow, but I don't like you at all."

Der Crown Prince says, "Well now, I don't like you at all, but I don't like you at all."

"In spite of this, I will show you the difference between a king and a peasant, and you will see the difference."

"Der Kaiser says, 'I will show you the difference between a king and a peasant, and you will see the difference.'"

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Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST

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In ancient and early medieval times Khiva was a part of the kingdom of Bactria, Persia and Persia in turn. The great Genghis Khan overran it in the year 1221 and 150 years later it fell beneath the ruthless sword of Tamerlane. As early as the seventeenth century the Cossacks had discovered the wealth of the province, and in 1717 Peter the Great made an unsuccessful effort to annex it. A century and a quarter later Czar Nicholas I also attempted to conquer it, but with no greater success. Finally, in 1873, three Russian columns were set in motion with the design of squeezing the country into submission. In May of that year Khiva capitulated and the khan agreed to pay a war indemnity of \$1,000,000, a debt which is still being liquidated in annual installments.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

Wild Animals and Law.

If a human being trespasses on your property, or carries away or destroys anything belonging to you, the law will protect you or you may proceed against him yourself even to the extent of using physical force. But if a wild bird or animal protected by the law injures your property, you must not destroy or injure it. If you do, the law will punish you. Deer or moose may browse on crops, and you may kill them, but robins eat cherries, and all must be free of harm by a decision of the New York Court of Appeals in the suit of several owners of land on Eagle creek, an inlet of the Fourth lake of the Fulton chain.

Erect Lanterns for Drowned.

Suspended from tall poles that are to be found on the banks of rivers in China are quaint lanterns that sway back and forth in the wind, adding a picturesque touch to the landscape by day and weird illumination by night. Each of these lanterns has been placed by relatives of some person who has been drowned in the nearby stream. In the hope that the spirit of the deceased may see the light as it journeys in search of heaven. Many are too poor to erect these supports and so by paying a suitable sum are permitted to utilize other people's poles. Popular Mechanics Magazine.



WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

CHAPTER XII.

Last Day at the Front.

THIS last engagement of any importance that I was in was the big attack at Loos in September. In a big attack like this no one knows but the commanders just where the real thrust is coming. Several attacks are made, and for all we know ours might be the real one, or the real one might be twenty miles away from us.

It happened that at the time of the last attack we were almost sure that the big drive was coming through us. We were ordered to be ready to move at a moment's notice, and all preparations were made for a big shift. When the attack came we thought that we were on our way at last, and everybody was "coming chicken."

There certainly was some terrible fighting, and if all was well supposed to do was to keep the Germans interested on our front we were very successful. Several things in this engagement deserve mention, and among the first is the famous charge of the London Irish.

They had not been heard of very much up to this time, but I don't think there are many who don't know of them now. They received orders to take certain trenches at a certain time, and on the face of it the thing looked impossible. The odds were all against them, and they knew it, but there was nothing for it but to obey their orders.

Nearly all the regiments have footballs with which they amuse themselves while in rest camp, and when they go into action these footballs are taken right along with them. When the whistle blew for the London Irish to charge they threw their footballs over the parapet and made their charge dribbling the footballs in front of them.

It was the most reckless, daredevil thing I ever saw, and it accomplished the impossible for them. As I said, by all rights the entire regiment should have been wiped out, as the odds were against them and they were running right into a death trap. The fact that they went at it in such a devil may care way as to joke and play with footballs in the very face of certain death broke the German's nerve, and they gave way with practically no resistance at all. Instead of the regiment being wiped out, as it should have been, the men took the trenches with losses of under 100. It was wonderful.

I have referred to the work of our aeroplanes in various parts of this story, but I think that noncombatants sometimes fail to realize what an important and effective part the Royal Flying Corps is playing in this war. Aeroplanes themselves are still pretty dangerous machines of locomotion, and when it comes to running other risks for the sake of gaining information or doing material damage it needs a man who does not know what the slightest quail of fear is and who is cool and ready for action in the case of emergency to make a good military aviator.

We have several aviators in our squadrons who have made big names for themselves. Among them are Captain Strange, D. S. O.; Lieutenant Hawker, V. C., D. S. O., M. C., and also Robert Lorraine, the popular actor, who is commonly known as the "actor-airman."

These three in particular have distinguished themselves on our little front. Captain Strange has a lame foot, but he has done some of the finest work of the war. In three days he destroyed three stations or big rail centers which were of great importance to the Germans. In each case he employed the same method. He flew over the point he was aiming for, stopped his engine, did a nose dive to within a few hundred feet of the place, dropped his bomb and got away safely. Each time he came back with the planes of his machine riddled with bullets. It takes an awful lot of nerve to do a thing like that.

Lieutenant Hawker was the terror of the "Aviatiks" and faebes, and he has been known to fight three of these big machines single handed, destroying two and putting the other one to flight. Mr. Hawker longed for a chance to get mixed up with a Zeppelin, and on one occasion he nearly realized his wish.

It was a bright moonlight night last summer when everything was as quiet and peaceful as one could wish it to be. A wattering rifle fire could be heard from the trenches, but there was really nothing doing at all. About 9 or 10 o'clock we heard the hum of an engine away above us, and we thought, of course, it was an aeroplane. As it came nearer we realized that no aeroplane engine could make so much noise as that, and very soon word was passed around that there was a Zeppelin above us.

Very few of us had ever seen a Zeppelin, and we were more than straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of this one. Judging from the noise of the engine, it seemed as though the thing kept circling around our encampment, but try as hard as we could, we were unable to catch sight of it. It had not been over us so very long before we heard a motor engine start up at the dyke grounds, and word came around that Lieutenant Hawker

MY FOURTEEN MONTHS AT THE FRONT

An American Boy's
Baptism of Fire

By WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

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The most graphic account of the great war that has yet been written comes from the pen of a twenty-two-year-old Boston boy, who has just returned from France, where as a dragon-guardian, dispatch rider and motor-car driver he served fourteen months on the British line. Out of thirty-one motorcycle dispatch riders he was one of four survivors.

was going up after it. Soon we saw an aeroplane shoot up over the top and commenced to circle around, gaining altitude every moment. It was quickly lost to view, though, and soon the engine of the Zeppelin could be heard no longer, so we concluded that it had made off. Lieutenant Hawker flew until daylight, but, much to his disappointment, he failed to find the Zeppelin.

Another aviator who became famous was Commander Sampson of the Royal Naval Air Service. At the beginning of the war he did so much damage with his aeroplane that a price was put upon his head by the German authorities. We heard that the sum of £1,000 was offered for Commander Sampson, dead or alive. This did not make any difference to him so far as his work was concerned, and he did just as much damage after the fact became known as he did before.

Nor was his activity confined to air work. He had an armored car that he used to go out in, and the exciting event of the day used to be to watch Commander Sampson's return. He seldom failed to bring back prisoners, and the damage he did to the Germans with the machine gun was fearful.

Last spring we had a new type of aeroplane come out, and it was a beauty. It became known as the "British Scout," and it was in this type of machine that Lieutenant Hawker defeated three big German battle planes. It has a very high powered, high speed engine and can pull right away from any other type of machine that flies. It carries one man only, who runs the machine and works the gun too, so he has his work cut out for him.

Before I ever saw a bomb dropping aeroplane in action I used to imagine that the bombs were dropped by hand.



The Regiments Have Foot Balls With Which to Amuse Themselves While in Rest Camp.

I was much surprised to find that such is not the case. The bombs are hung on little clips under the body of the machine and are released by a foot pedal arrangement. It is a much quicker and less dangerous method.

The bombs dropped from the machines vary in size and weight, and they run all the way from ten pounds to one hundred pounds. Each bomb has a little propeller at the tail of it. This keeps the bomb nose down in falling and insures its landing on the percussion cap. As the bomb falls through the air this little propeller whirls at a tremendous speed and makes the weirdest whistling noise one could imagine.

During the summer months a great many air raids were made on moonlight nights. The machines are practically invisible when they reach any great height, and they can get back home and make their landing without very great danger.

When aeroplanes are late coming in it is very interesting to watch the rockets being sent up to guide them to their landing grounds. These rockets are of different colors and are sent up at regular intervals until the machine is either safely back or is given up for lost. When the machine is sighted and is circling down toward the ground big flares are lighted, so as to enable the aviator to pick his spot for landing. The whole thing is scientifically arranged, and there are not many accidents in this part of the work.

One of the most daring parts of the air work is the dropping of apples behind the enemy's lines. I believe this goes on on both sides and in many cases is successful. The second time I was going on leave to England I had made arrangements to go with one of our fellows from the flying corps. We were to start on a Monday morning, and on the Friday before he told me that he was going to make his last flight before going to England on the

following morning, Saturday.

He started out at 4 o'clock Saturday morning with a man and a crate of carrier pigeons in his machine, and he had orders to drop both behind the German lines and return to his headquarters as quickly as possible.

As I said, he started out at 4, and so far as I know he is not back yet. He may have been shot down, he may have had an accident and been forced to land behind the German lines, or any one of a hundred things may have happened. All we know is that he failed to return.

The anti-aeroplane gun was practically unknown before the beginning of this war, and there is an enormous chance for improvement in this branch of aerial warfare. It is very interesting to watch an anti-aeroplane gun in action, for one can see the gun fired and then see the shell burst a few seconds later.

So far as I know there is no accurate way of finding the range of an aeroplane in motion. The popular way of shooting at a flying machine seems to be that of firing shells in a large circle, using the machine as the center, and then closing in until the aeroplane is dead in line. There is the uncertainty, however, of knowing when to time the shell to burst, and so far as I can see, it seems to be pretty much a matter of luck. I heard an average quoted on the number of hits to the number of shells fired, and the figures were one hit out of every 3,000 shells. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this statement, but I do know that the number of hits is surprisingly small.

The falling of the aeroplane from these shells which burst in the air is rather dangerous, as I can show by narrating an incident which happened to us. We were out in a car near a village called Benthook, and we noticed as we came along that a German aeroplane was coming directly toward us and that it appeared to be following the road. Our anti-aeroplane guns were playing on it, and the shells seemed to be bursting mighty close to it.

Before it attained a point above us it turned at right angles and made off toward the German lines. We continued on our way, and a little further on we came to where an empty auto was standing in the middle of the road. We stopped and looked around for signs of the occupants, but could find none. When we had been there about five minutes an officer and the driver of the car showed up and said they had been forced to take refuge in a dugout on account of the falling aeroplane.

Holes where pieces of shrapnel had entered the ground were to be seen all around, and we tried to dig some of the pieces up. We dug down ten inches and had not reached them, so we gave it up as a bad job and went on to camp. This will show that these pieces of shrapnel are not to be sneezed at as being harmless.

Another favorite stunt with aeroplanes is the dropping of hundreds of steel darts on bodies of moving troops or even on towns or the men in the trenches. These darts are four or five inches in length and have a sort of four pointed tail. They are extremely sharp and are heavier at the point than they are at the tail. This causes them to fall point down.

It has been proved that one of these darts dropped from a great height would, if it struck a man on horseback square on the top of the head, pass through the length of a man's body, through the middle, through the horse's body and disappear into the ground. I have seen darts that have been dropped, but I have never been where they were falling, and I had no desire to be either.

There was a German who pulled the greatest little game of bluff on us. We were at a village called Rheingelst when this fellow came over, and everybody remarked at how low he was flying. Our anti-aeroplane guns were letting him have it from all directions, and suddenly his engine stopped and the machine began to fall. The guns let up, thinking that he was winged. He fell to within two or three hundred feet of the earth, when suddenly the machine righted itself, and he glided over us toward the German lines. He had the audacity to wave his hand at us as he went by.

It was one of the nerveiest things I ever saw. He saved himself by the chance of running through our fire, for when he was so low he was out of range of the anti-aeroplane guns.

Air raids do not always prove as dangerous as they sound. About three or four days before I left the front we had a flock of twenty-three German aeroplanes over our camp, and they dropped bombs for nearly fifteen minutes. Everybody got under cover, and the total loss of life caused by the raid was one mile. If this were always the case the Zeppelins and Aviatiks would have to go out of business.

There was very little of interest after Loos. Every day it was the same old routine—up to the firing line in the morning and back down again at night. Once in awhile we would let ourselves in for a going bombardment or would have rather a hot session in the trenches when we would happen to get there at the right time, but as far as any important happenings there was none.

I will never forget the last day I spent at the front. It seemed to me that the Germans must have put up a job on me, and just at the moment I was sure that I was coming out of it all right and that the war was over for me they were trying to get me.

I was ordered to report with my car to one of our new officers. I did so, and we left for the firing line. When we reached the divisional signal office we left the car and mounted our horses to finish the journey. We got to a place called Krustadt and stayed there about half an hour. I hitched my horse to the gate of an old deserted house and went over to one of our ammunition columns to see if I could get some hot tea. When I came back about fifteen minutes later I found my poor horse down with his front leg gone. A shell had exploded in the yard of this house and had blown his leg clear off. There was nothing for me to do but to shoot him and put the poor beast out of his misery.

I hunted around among the different units in the vicinity until I found another horse, and then I went up and

reported to my officer. We visited some of our batteries and came back to Krustadt. The officer told me that he had orders to drop both behind the German lines and return to his headquarters as quickly as possible. We hitched our horses to a tree, and the officer went off. Very soon after he had gone some more officers came along and hitched their horses to the same tree. Altogether there were six tied to the one tree.

I went over to the Royal Engineers' place and proceeded to make myself at home. I was feeling happy, for I knew that this was my last day at the front, and I was hoping to be home for Christmas. Of course I told everybody I met all about my good luck, and we were having a regular little farewell dinner, only we had ten instead of champagne. After it was all over some of the boys went away, and I proceeded to make myself comfortable on a couch the fellows had built up in the corner.

I had been there about fifteen minutes when for some reason or other I got up and went over and sat down by the battery. I hadn't been off the couch three minutes when a shrapnel shell burst directly over the hut, and I should say fully twenty places came through the roof. They went through the floor as if it had been so much paper, and about half a dozen places penetrated the couch I had been lying on not five minutes before. There were three of us in the hut at the time, and not one of us was so much as scratched. The shells were coming over pretty thick then, so we went for the dugouts on the dead run. As I passed the tree where our horses were tethered a high explosive shell burst in the middle of them and battered them all over the landscape.

Believe me, I didn't prase one second. I just kept on going. I entered a dugout that had about a foot and a half of water in it, but I lay right down in it and was only too glad to stay there. The Germans were keeping up a sweeping fire, trying to locate our batteries, and they continued until nearly 7 o'clock that evening.

When 3 o'clock came and I was supposed to meet my officers I stayed right where I was, for I knew that I would not be expected to go out and wait by that tree when the shells were falling the way they were then. At 7 o'clock the fire had pretty nearly ceased, so I unrolled out to the tree to see what had become of the officer. He was sitting on the ground with his back against the tree. I told him what had happened, and he asked me if I knew where we could find some more horses.

I said I did and that it was right on our way back, so we walked about a half mile until we came to the transport camp, and there we got two other horses and proceeded to the place where we had left the car.

Here the officer decided we would have some tea, so I went into a tent where there were some fellows I knew and begged some grub. I had just commenced to eat when a shell screamed over and went into the ground about twenty or thirty feet from the corner of the tent. It didn't explode, so we were all right, but I decided that right here was where I quit, and I went out and sat in the car until the officer was ready.

But my troubles were not over yet. On the way back to camp one of the back wheels came off the car and nearly dumped us into the ditch. The officer got a lift down in another car, and I set to work to try to put back the wheel. It was dark, and the road was muddy and soft, and everything seemed to go wrong. The train left at 1 o'clock in the morning, and I was nearly beside myself for fear I would miss it.

When I finally did get in it was after 11, and I had to do some tail busting to get my things packed, get my grant and tickets and change my clothes for dry ones and walk half a mile to the station to catch the train. I did it, though, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon I was in London.

THE END.

FIGHT PLANT DISEASES

Campaign Planned Against Destructive Maladies.

Special Work Will Be Undertaken to Reduce Epidemics of Black Rust in Spring Wheat Areas—To Improve Storage Methods.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Destructive plant diseases which annually make heavy inroads into the crops of the country, are to be attacked with renewed energy by the United States department of agriculture. The extended work is made possible by appropriations carried in the food production bill which has just been enacted by congress.

Special work will be undertaken by the bureau of plant industry with a view to reduction of the destructive epidemics of black rust in the spring wheat areas and reduction of the injury from grain smut, especially in the central and western states. The bureau also will place in the field additional expert pathologists to advise country agents especially in the control of destructive diseases of potatoes, beans and truck crops, and will undertake special surveys to determine the causes of injury in regions suffering heavy losses from plant diseases in order that control measures may be undertaken promptly.

In addition to its work for the control of plant diseases, the bureau of plant industry will seek to stimulate the conservation of food products by demonstrating proper methods of storing such crops as may be stored in common storage, by improving the methods of storage, and by demonstrating the drying of farm products.

Most Virtuous of Men.

The most virtuous of all men is he that contents himself with being virtuous without being anxious to appear so.—Plato.

HOW A GERMAN BOMBED HARVARD HOSPITAL UNIT

KILLED A SURGEON AND SEVERAL ENLISTED MEN.

Vicious Attack Made on Clear Moonlight Night—Dr. Harvey Cushing's Account of the Occurrence.

Dr. Harvey Cushing, in charge of the United States Army Base Hospital No. 6, one of the Harvard University units in France, in a letter to Dr. E. H. Bradford, dean of the Harvard Medical School, made public today described the bombing of the hospital by a German aviator on September 9, when one of the surgeons of the unit and several enlisted men were killed. Dr. Cushing wrote that five bombs were dropped on or near the hospital—situated some distance behind the lines—and tells of the efficient manner in which the unit took care of the wounded after the attack.

Not having been a participant myself, makes it possible for me to be the spokesman, for I feel very proud of the way our entire unit reacted after being subjected to this unexpected bombing; and five direct hits on one hospital compound is unusually accurate marksmanship. In the area where I have been, one or two are not uncommon, and may be repeated on successive nights, but so far as I am aware, five in one camp is the record.

It was shortly after eleven p. m., and having had a rather strenuous two days our people were just about turning in. Most of the officers were in or about their tents, and the wards for the most part had quieted down for the night. Our officers' quarters consist of a mess hut and some thirty odd bell tents, with latrine in the rear, made of some asbestos boards; behind this a hedge, and then another row of tents, chiefly occupied by sergeants, in which two of our newly attached M. O.'s were temporarily quartered.

LIGHTS PUT OUT

A warning had been received, possibly some fifteen minutes before, of his (the aviator's) approach; the lights of the camp and district were extinguished so that by those who were awake it was of course known that a raider was in the neighborhood, and the whistle of the torpedo motor, by made those who were aware of its significance prostrate themselves. Unhappily, all did not do so, and in a few seconds the next two bombs dropped within ten feet of each other, near the hedge back of the officers' compound.

For Fitzsimmons had been roused, had come to the door of his tent and called to one of the sergeants near by, as one of the bombs dropped practically at his feet. The poor fellow with his tent was literally blown to pieces, and fortunately could never have known what had occurred. McGuire, another Kansas City man, in the tent next Fitzsimmons, was in his bunk, out of which he was practically blown, receiving only three penetrating wounds—shoulder, arm and thigh—a fortunate escape, for his tent was riddled with holes—some counted four hundred—and the condition of his possessions can be imagined.

These bombs were of the "daisy-cutting" variety, with low-flying fragments which scatter widely, some of the missiles from these first two bombs even reaching and penetrating our wooden mess hut, one hundred and sixty feet away; and some were found in the adjoining hospital the next day.

EXPERIENCE OF THE OFFICERS.

Lieut. Rae Whidden, who, though not a member of our original group, has been attached to us for some time, was sitting in his tent, writing, and received a penetrating chest wound; and Lieut. Smith similarly a fragment in the knee joint. The latrine, which was pretty thoroughly punctured, fortunately served as a sort of buffer for a larger part of the tents, but some of them were exposed and thoroughly peppered. Fitz, fortunately, was away; Morton, who had had a lesson from his experience with us in a more forward area, threw himself out of his tent to the ground when he heard the whistle of the bomb, and escaped with a scratch on his wrist, though fragments were low enough to penetrate his water pitcher standing on the floor. Indeed every one of the officers had his own little experience, more or less tragic, or now that some time has elapsed—regarded as more or less amusing.

The third bomb struck at the end of one of the five-marque tent wards, in what are called the "Clines," and the next one directly on one of the marquees of this same ward, fatally wounding an orderly, one of our original enlisted men, named Tugo, the explosion being severe enough to knock down the nurse in charge, Miss Parmelee, who was standing beside him. Fourteen British Tommies were re-wounded in this, and the adjoining ward.

The fifth and last of the bombs made a direct hit on the reception tent, and it is lucky we were not "taking in" at the moment, for when a convoy of wounded arrives, this is the most congested spot in the hospital camp, with ambulances, stretcher-bearers, and medical officers in addition to the crowd of walking and lying wounded. Sergeant Edwards and three other men were on duty there. Edwards saw the earlier explosions, shouted a warning, leaped from the chair he was sitting in, and rushed to the end of the tent. Our bugler, Woods, a regular, attached to us at Fort Totten, got up from the floor, thanked him for the seat he had vacated, sat down, and was instantly killed; as was also Rubino, another regular. Two other privates in this group, Mason and McCloud, were badly wounded, and the latter, who happened to be standing, had to have a double thigh amputation—in fact three amputations—the last a high one for a severe secondary gas infection.

No Enemies.

You have no enemies, you say? Alas! my friend, the boast is poor; He who has mingled in the fray Of duty, that the brave endure, Must have made foes! If you have none, Small is the work that you have done. You've hit no traitor on the hip. You've dashed no cup from purjured lips. You've never turned the wrong to right. You've been a coward in the fight.

CHAS. MCKAY.

In order to be really effective at a summer resort, in these days, a woman should have at least one husband in the background.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

